

Our Annual Swimsuit Issue

NATIONAL LAMPLOON

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supermodel
Christie Brinkley
on location,
in front of
a backdrop in
Manhattan**





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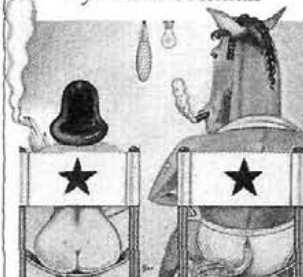
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Newport Box

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editorail

I SAID IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN to me, that after success and fame and drinks with people who know Pia Zadora that I'd still be the same old L. Dennis Plunkett, able to carouse and caper about with the best of them, only with better clothes and more stories to tell to girls. Well, as they inform you in a series of dry-cleaning establishments along the Seine, hold on to your beanie, Monsieur Businessman, we are closed for the wine frolic and spitting matches....

Mr. Potato Head appeared at the window of my fashionable Soho loft with a two-dollar watch purchased from a Chinaman on a nearby street corner and a look of abject woe. Lest the reader snort his indignation at this claim, let me say that the spud's trusty Rolex was at the jeweler's undergoing repairs after, with vodka-inspired grandeur, he had banged it repeatedly on the bar at P. J. Clarke's, declaring what a fine and Potato Head-proof timekeeping device it was. This Mr. Potato Head is not the twelve-incher you might suspect. He stands a full eighteen inches tall and served as the model for the beloved children's toy, a role that has paid off most handsomely in royalties. Also he can fly.

Knocking away a year's accumulation of plant life and a bottle of fine Scotch (an optimist would say it was half full; I said I hope it doesn't land on my foot), I opened the window to let in my beloved pal. It had been a full six months since our last adventure, gulping down cheese dogs and tumbler of ether as we toured the Chinese Pavilion at the late, lamentable Knoxville World's Fair. "Choosing 'Energy Conservation' over 'Viva Las Vegas' as the theme for this inflated 4-H project is a slap in the face of the great Elvis-man in his beloved, undereducated Tennessee," Mr. Potato Head had sniffed before passing out near the Yak Wiring Display.

"Music and dancing girls for the eloquent tuber," I cried, before realizing I'd given the servants the year off.

The Potato Head looked shabby, stubble-skinned, and had a blob of barbecue sauce dribbling off the lapel of his Giorgio Armani jacket. He clutched a rubber tree and moaned softly, his face downcast and eyes bleary from lack of sleep.

"Whatever happened to the old days?" he mumbled, snuggling into a corner of the futon. "Bearbaiting in Arizona with that small but intensive

cheerleading camp, hang gliding from the sheriff's clutches in the misty dream of a Santa Barbara dawn, the small ground wars, the brushfires, the summary humiliation and execution of talk-show hosts, the illegal exhumation of people with funny-sounding names such as the folksy 'Ham Burger' or the mysterious 'J. Paul Monkey Sex'...." Noticing the spot on his jacket, he began to attack it vigorously, the stain a gooey symbol for the malaise in his spuddy soul. "Where has all the fun gone in our lives?"

"Responsibility, Mr. P. responsibility. I have a magazine to run, and you have that three-picture deal, not to mention the HBO cooking special with Robert Klein. We are going about the business of making our livings in the justifiably proclaimed office-supply capital of the Free World!"

"Onion rings," snorted Mr. Potato Head. "We've devolved so far in our various dealings for Mr. Dollar that our social contracts now exist with the lowest subphylum of the genus Sleaze, i.e., total scumbags and creepolans. A bloated, scabrous terrain populated by cheese-brained bovine starlets, toad-faced women junior publishing executives, wine-sniffing bum-blasting fash-

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ion photogs, buck-chasing scrofulous admen who dream up new names for glue, charming people who just love *The New Yorker*... Our friends dead or lobotomized with railroad spikes or advanced degrees. Jake a tunaholic, the Mammal busted for writing Percodan prescriptions for Mexican high schoolers [he was becoming a bit hysterical now], the Jackal freezing up in that log cabin 'in God's country' writing weight-loss guides for hairdressers' and blue-haired matrons' tiny, snapping dogs. My God, man, what's become of us?"

I looked the proud and almost manly visage straight in the eye. "A night out to perk up the spirits?"

"Agreed."

And so we ventured out into the brisk and welcoming night and made our way through the heart of darkness into the intestines of that great big wonderful bellyache of a town, throbbing with people and goods you never want to see again. The champagne flowed like wine, the ashtrays were flung to the far corners, the citizenry were enraged, the bouncers summoned, the check miscalculated, and the coats retrieved. At

Studio 54 a small scuffle broke out on the dance floor when the mental defective we found hanging from bed sheets outside Bellevue placed an egg in Diana Ross's ear and offered to replace her blood with lime Kool-Aid. And so the night went, until we found ourselves at Elaine's improvising a game of Hangman on the lacquered tables with a butcher knife. "There's the man who forced the chili dog down Jerry Hall's blouse at Xenon," exclaimed some publicity hound, gesticulating frenetically in our direction. "You wish," retorted Mr. Potato Head, articulating a popular comeback from a recent comedic film.

"So, what time is it, Spudster?" I cried, leaping by a sultry nymphet to examine the underside of her stool for research purposes.

Mr. Potato Head looked at the Chinaman's watch and heaved a sigh filled with all the sadness of autumn.

"Eleven thirty."

I groped past a thigh to the top of the stool, thunderstruck. "That's all? Eleven thirty?" I was more than a little disappointed. "Well, then, more hours of revelling, the likes of which man has not

seen since Errol Flynn tried to bite off the queen of Norway's nose after she called him a blackguard at Newport."

My not-so-large companion appeared discomfited. "Well, actually," he began, "I have an early breakfast meet tomorrow with my agent..."

I turned to him and managed a weak smile. "Yeah, I've got a morning conference with Cheech and Chong's producer about punching up *Downers and Out* with some boffo gags..."

The Potato One leaned close to my ear and said the words that would warm any God-fearing American's heart.

"Screw 'em."

"You know," the bartender of the after-hours club said as we rolled in, girls, pool cues, and Cornish hens at the ready, "we don't get too many potato heads in here."

P.S. Congratulations to editor Kevin Curran and the lovely and talented Tracie Lynn Cutts of Charleston, South Carolina, on their recent nuptials. Although I'm personally a bit leery of the marriage institution, I wish you all the joy and happiness in the world, and hope you like my toaster more than the other ones.

—L.D.P.



Cover: Great covers aren't born, they're made. So eight long years ago we began to sow the seeds that bear fruit on this issue's cover. She was just nineteen then, a gangly girl from California, but we took **Christie Brinkley** under our collective wing (though at five feet eight in her stocking feet, most of us had to stand on tiptoe to do it). We worked methodically, selecting just the right jobs for her—first a lone *Glamour* swimsuit shot, then a Speedo ad, soon a *Vogue* swimsuit spread, a couple of Jantzen campaigns, then the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, a swimwear cover for *New York*, for *Cosmo*, for *Time*, a beachwear feature for *Life*, the Christie Brinkley swimsuit calendar...

Now, finally, the stage is set for this, her ultimate cover. A brilliant concept, a dazzling Sandro La Ferla backdrop, a masterful **Ronald G. Harris** photograph, and—*voilà*—the shot "our Christie" was born—excuse me, *made*—to do. A shot that will catapult her to the stardom she so richly deserves, stardom we feel certain will last for days, weeks, even months, stardom that will allow Christie to bring us to even better parties, and, perhaps most importantly, stardom that will goose the box office receipts of her first film, **National Lampoon's Vacation** (also starring **Chevy Chase** and **Beverly D'Angelo**, opening at theaters everywhere this summer), past the break-even mark.—M. G.



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TO VEE OR

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We designed a new three-valve twin-plug cylinder head that increases horse-

power while delivering all the low-end torque that V-twins are famous for.

We created an exclusive offset dual-pin crankshaft that completely eliminates primary vibration.

Which in turn let us angle the cylinders more steeply, making the engine more compact. And the more compact



LOT TO VEE?

the engine, the narrower and nimbler the motorcycle.

And last but not least, we added a thermostatically-controlled liquid-cooling system to maintain more consistent operating temperatures.

The result is an engine as advanced as the motorcycle it powers. And if you look below, you'll see that's very advanced indeed.

With its no-maintenance shaft drive, its unique ComCast™ wheels and its six-speed transmission, it gives you everything you need to turn a good road into a great time.

Which leaves you with a difficult decision. Do you pick the new VT500 Ascot with its revolutionary

V-twin or do you pick the FT500 Ascot with its equally revolutionary single?

That, as they say, is the question.

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Volume I: Movin'

Five records by groups whose names all had something to do with transportation:

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Buddy Miles Express: *Expressway to Your Skull*. Get down to what Buddy was up to before his mind started goin' through *those changes*!

Chicago Transit Authority: *Deluxe Two-Record Set!* 'Nuff said!

Quicksilver Messenger Service: *What About Me?* Wow! It took the reemergence of Dino Valenti to ask *this* musical question! A real hit of fresh air!

Sea Train. Gee, we can't remember what this record sounds like, so it can't be too bad!

Volume II: Goin' Solo

Big heads hold a lot of music:

David Crosby: *If I Could Only Remember My Name*. A genuine masterpiece of undisciplined genius! One listen and you'll wish this former Byrd would drop everything and splatter us with more great records like this!

Stephen Stills II. Whether you pronounce it "Two" or "Aye-Aye," you can be sure it doesn't even matter!

John B. Sebastian. The man who stole your heart at Woodstock by saying "Fuck" a lot surprised us all with this happy-go-lucky platter! Guaranteed to put a big grin on your face! We're grinnin' now!

Al Kooper: *I Stand Alone*. Just like the cheese in "Farmer in the Dell"; just as tasty!

Ringo Starr: *Sentimental Journey*. God, what a record! If the Beatles had let Ringo sing more, perhaps they wouldn't have faded away in a cloud of confusion...but then again, if they hadn't drifted apart, we probably wouldn't have this fine solo outing from Mr. Starkey!



Vols. I and II Available Now!

Yes, the first two volumes of "Forgotten Favorites" in the Pangborn Mint's Original Monsters Series are ready for shipping. In months to come, you will have the opportunity to order additional volumes in this fabulous gathering of musical classics, such as:

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Vol. IV: *Big Brass Bands*. March, march, march to the melodious wind of Blood, Sweat and Tears, Mad Dogs and Englishmen, Chicago (yeah, we know, but they put out a lot of records), Ginger Baker's *Air Force*, and, just maybe, more Al Kooper!

Vol. V: *Da Blues*. No purists we! Get ready for John Mayall, Canned Heat, Ten Years After, Mike Bloomfield's *Super Session*, and B. B. King (the record on which he sings all those Leon Russell songs)!

Vol. VI: *Groups That Had a Violin Player in Them*. Rosin up your bow and dissect the cat! Here comes It's a Beautiful Day, the Flock, the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble, Sea Train (see, we remembered), and for you fiddle freaks, the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

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When complete, the series becomes a comprehensive history-in-sound of the Excessive Era—a collection for the connoisseur who says, "Oh, what the hell, why not...."

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New York, New York 10022

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LETTERS
4/8/83

SIRS: HE'D JUST HUNKER DOWN before the typewriter, filled with the incredible surge of wordprose wizardry that was in him, listening to Symphony Syd on the radio, visions before his eyes, the bottle next to him slowly dwindling as the fire inside him consumed his every bit of soul but for the soul that poured itself into every intense page of longing and sweet, driving energy.

That's the way James Michener turned out his early books, and I think that's the way he still does it now.

William Burroughs
The Naked Luncheonette

Sirs:

A warning to you parents with young children: When you take them to the zoo, don't throw them to the elephants. Without hesitation the elephant will crack them open and eat them. I have seen this happen a million times, and every time my monocle pops out of my eye in sheer horror.

The Planters Peanuts Man
Better stores everywhere

Sirs:

If you really want to cut down on smoking, try doing what I do: for the last six months I've limited myself to having one cigarette after intercourse. Fuck one, smoke one; fuck one, smoke one. I'm down to about a pack a day.

Margaret Trudeau
Magnetic Pole, Canada

Sirs:

Get this. One out of every five dentists in this country does *not* recommend sugarless gum for their patients who chew gum. Instead, they recommend rolling your gum in a mound of sugar for five minutes before placing it in your mouth. They also recommend chewing on aluminum foil every night before bed, and breaking a string with your teeth ten times a day. And snacking on rocks between every meal. And they all live in Arkansas.

George Gallup
Peoria, Ill.

Sirs:

Come on, Freud baby, you can do it....The bowling ball is your mother and the pins are your father....Just think how good that beer's gonna taste when we win.

The Vienna Strikers
Lane 23

Sirs:

One day I went down to the newsstand, and there on the cover of *People* magazine was my picture. I thought, "Great, maybe this'll help me get girls." So I went back every day to hang around the magazine rack, hoping some girls would see the similarity between my face and the cover of the magazine. Only none of them did. Instead the newsdealer complained about my hanging around every day without buying anything. So I bought a pack of gum, but he still yelled at me.

Anyway, a week after I'd seen my face on the cover, I went down there, and instead of the picture I remembered, there was this funny-looking cartoon cat on the cover. I nearly shat. I ran home to check in the mirror what had happened to my face, but it hadn't changed at all. Only the magazine cover

had changed. So I went back to the newsstand and pretended everything was the same as it had been for the past week, but I still had no luck with the girls.

Scott Baio
Ojai, Calif.

Sirs:

Hear tell Karen Anne Quinlan's writing her autobiography. Yeah, it has no title and the pages are blank! What the heck, with hard times the way they are we figured a stand-up comedy team was a pretty good idea. Besides, our food bills are enormous, especially on those darn vegetables! You've been wonderful. Good night.

Mr. and Mrs. "Shecky" Quinlan
Knockin' 'em brain dead in the Catskills

Sirs:

We have an uncle who really enjoys hunting, but once when he was tracking this deer in the woods he came across a naked lady and asked her, "Are you game?" and she said, "Yes," so he put a quarter in her slot and played her.

Benny and Vito
Elmira, N.Y.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37)

Good times offer:



Fourteen oz. glass mug for sale. It's the two-fisted way to drink to good times and salute your great taste in drinks. Why not start a collection? Please send this coupon, along with a check or money order for \$4.95 per mug (no cash please) to: Seagram's 7 Crown Mug Offer, P.O. Box 1622, New York, N.Y. 10152

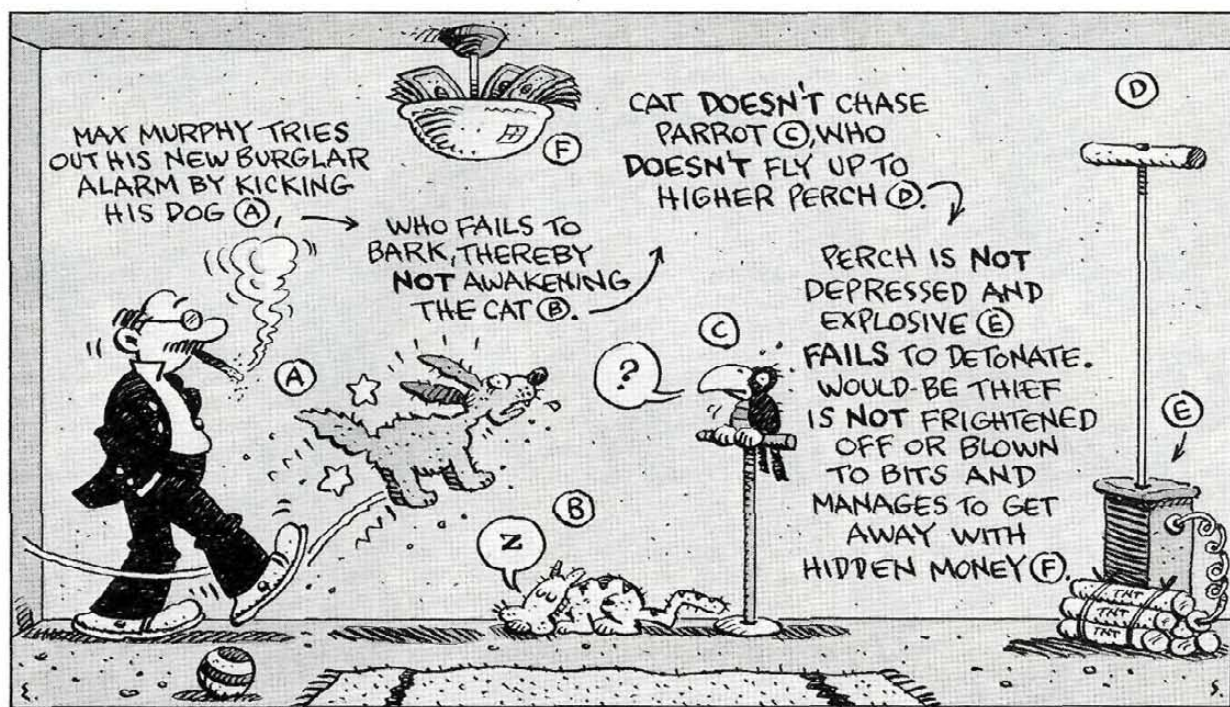
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Seagram's





The world embraced his revolutionary theory, yet his gravestone reads "Born to Loose."

Max Murphy, Man of Science

BY AL JEAN

"If anything can go wrong, it will."
—Murphy's Law

EVERYONE IS AWARE OF Murphy's Law. It explains diverse scientific phenomena, like the way the telephone always rings just as you've stepped into the shower. Or the fact that whenever you drop a piece of bread and butter, it always seems to land butter side down. An important technological principle. Murphy's Law is constantly cited by government bureaucrats, Amtrak employees, and other unintelligent menials who can't do anything right. And Murphy's Law has made its inventor, Max Murphy, one of the twentieth century's most famous scientists, joining the likes of Jonas Salk, Alexander Fleming, and Mr. Wizard.

The little-known story of Max Murphy is a page from the annals of science, a page printed upside down and back-

ward, with a lot of typos in it. Max was born in Munich in 1905 of a German mother and an Irish father. As evinced by his philosophy, his early life was a difficult one. Orphaned at the age of two, he suffered, at various times in his childhood, from malaria, measles, polio, zits, leukemia, tuberculosis, smallpox, asthma, the Black Death, and the heartbreak of psoriasis. "If something can possibly go wrong, it quite often does," Max precociously declared at the age of eight. It was a remark that stunningly foreshadowed the law that would later bear his name.

Yet, despite his afflictions, Murphy managed to survive a frail and sickly childhood, at last growing up to be a frail and sickly teenager. And, all the while, his scientific genius grew with him. When Murphy's drunken foster mother caught him trying to ladle an extra helping of gruel at dinner, she would soundly thrash him within an inch of his life, leaving scars that remain

to this day. "An inordinately high percentage of things that can go wrong do," the thirteen-year-old Murphy cleverly remarked. Several years later, Murphy's only friend—his dog, Max, Jr.—became rabid, biting Murphy on the leg, before having to be put to sleep. "If anything can go wrong, it probably will," Max declared, coming agonizingly close to the truth that would later revolutionize the world.

Nor were Murphy's school days easy ones. Scientific brilliance, of course, does not always reveal itself in grammar school—one need only remember the fact that Einstein failed mathematics in the fourth grade. Murphy, on the other hand, failed all of his courses in the fourth grade, as well as in every other year. And he was able to graduate from high school only because of the rampant school-grade inflation (four D's would put you on the honor roll) present in Germany in the 1920s.

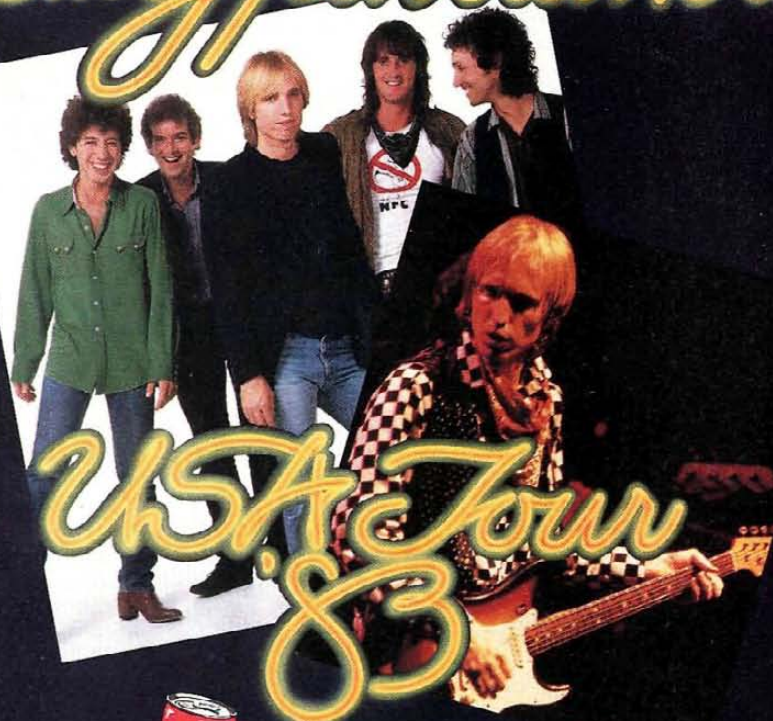
Yet throughout his adolescence Murphy was reading and absorbing scientific principles on his own, principles that would play an important role in his later work. There was Parkinson's Law ("Work expands to fill the time available for its completion"). Finagle's Law ("If an experiment succeeds, something has gone wrong"). And, most important, there were Ginsberg's theorems (1—"You can't win"; 2—"You can't break even"; 3—"You can't even quit the game"). Murphy reread these theorems over and over again till he finally understood them. When he did, he remarked



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that they were "chillingly truthful, though perhaps they could be shortened...yes, shortened into one concise pessimistic statement."

Then, finally, at the age of twenty-four, Murphy made the breakthrough that would set the scientific world on its ear. It occurred when Max was working as a lowly janitor, for no pay, the best job he could find. Other janitors of that era recall him as "a loner" and "a dummkopf," hardly the type of man who would soon be renowned throughout Germany. "He didn't seem very smart. Unlucky is more what he was," declares one coworker. "Certainly not an optimistic man," recalls a second. "Didn't get the sinks too clean," argues a third.

Yet none of these people were present when Murphy created the law that bears his name. Like Isaac Newton, Max was inspired while sitting under an apple tree. Unlike Newton, Murphy was not lucky enough to merely have an apple fall on his head. In Murphy's case, Max was hit on the cranium by an entire bushel of apples, dropped by a fumble-fingered apple picker. The picker shortly proved fumble-footed as well, falling onto Murphy's prone, un-

conscious body several seconds later. As Max was rushed to the hospital on a stretcher, the bottom of the stretcher fell out, dumping Murphy on the pavement with a partial concussion, temporary paralysis, and deep, painful cuts all over his body. "All I wanted to do was eat my lunch under an apple tree," Max remarked through swollen lips. "I guess it's true: 'If anything can go wrong, it will.'" Confronted with this universal truth, the inept medic carrying the stretcher was quick to respond, "So what?"

And the world quickly replied, "He's right, that's what." For Murphy had coincidentally uttered his now-famous line on October 24, 1929—the infamous "Black Thursday" of the New York Stock Exchange. Quickly, the truth of Murphy's Law was plain to all, in the light of such calamities as the Great Depression, the rise of Hitler, the Second World War, and the death of vaudeville. As his fame grew, and the times grew worse and worse, Murphy became even more pessimistic, if that were possible, once hiding from the Nazis for six months in a Munich attic, until he remembered that he was not Jewish. Yet, all the while, he was expanding his

theory, creating new corollaries as if they were child's play. He could be inspired on a train (Corollary 16—"If something can go wrong on a train, it will"), at a play (Corollary 23—"If something doesn't go wrong during dress rehearsal, then something will go wrong on opening night"), even at the dentist's office (Corollary 52—"Nothing goes right in a dentist's office"). Murphy was constantly refining his theory, creating a body of sarcastic truisms that remain valid to this day.

Finally, Max's reputation grew so great that he was given an urgent invitation to come to America, to work on the secret Manhattan Project. As he believed that if anything bad could happen to the Germany where he lived, it eventually would (Corollary 1,000), Max was quick to accept the offer. Murphy easily blended in with the brilliant Los Alamos research team, and contributed heavily to the development of the atomic bomb. While Niels Bohr spun out his theories, and Enrico Fermi translated them into practical devices, Murphy sat around predicting that all effort was useless, because everything would turn out a failure in the end. Though he was wrong about the development of the atom bomb itself, Max did make other predictions that would prove uncannily accurate in the years to come: "Life won't be perfect after the war. Things will still go wrong." "All nations won't necessarily get along with each other." "Someday we'll all be dead."

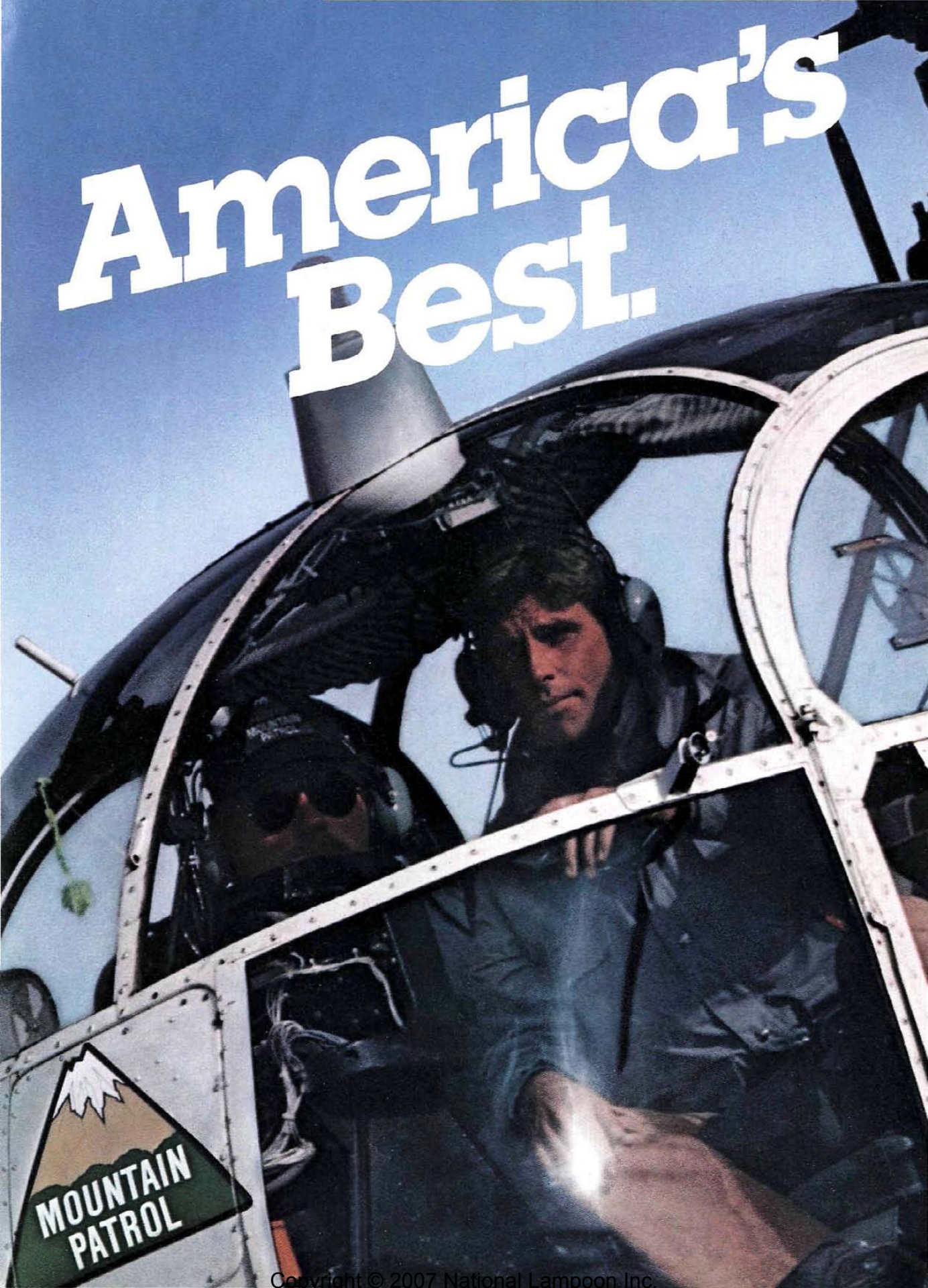
Thus, V-J Day brought no joy to Murphy. In fact, with the end of the war, Max began to experience an unexpected rejection by the scientific community. "Why, he's no scientist," Albert Einstein charged. "But he certainly is depressing, that's for sure." J. Robert Oppenheimer derided Murphy's role in the Manhattan Project: "We all thought he was the janitor." And the Nobel Prize committee was the most stinging, refusing to grant Max an award, charging: "This man's theories would appeal only to a six-year-old."

The events of the fifties and sixties showed the Nobel committee to be dead wrong. Condemned by the scientific establishment as an imbecile, Max would soon be acclaimed as the most brilliant of successes in the fields of publishing and television. His first triumph came when a maker of humorous posters (such classics as "I know you meant to hear what I said, but did you hear what I meant to say?" and "Don't assume anything—it only makes an ass out of u and me") asked if he could sell Murphy's Law as a wall pinup. Max, unemployed, ill, friendless, and



*"I had a jar of mint jelly in my rucksack and now it's gone.
Do you want to talk about it?"*

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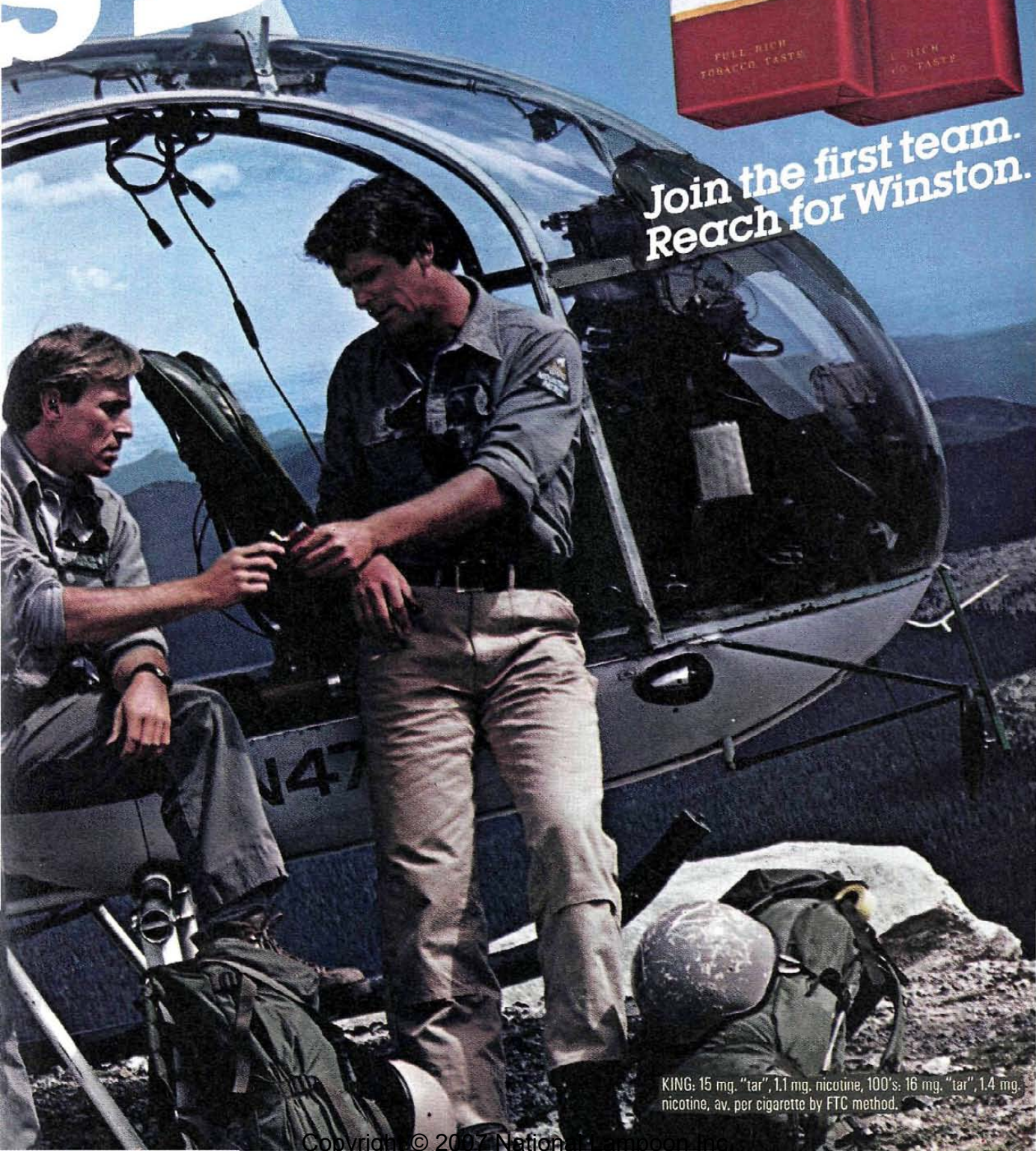
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strapped for cash, reluctantly agreed. Soon the words "If anything can go wrong, it will" were appearing in offices and laboratories across the country. Murphy quickly put out sequel posters, based upon his scientific principles—the brilliant "Think" and "The faster I work, the behinder I get." These sold in excess of ten billion copies apiece, and assured that no humor-loving secretary need ever have a blank wall in front of her.

Next, Max turned his attention to the field of paperbacks. His first volume—*Murphy's Law Book*—remained on the bestseller list for a solid fifteen years, aided by the fact that it was bought by legal students across the country, who mistook it for a required text. Inspired by his success, Murphy put out spin-off products based on his gloomy beliefs. There was the *Murphy's Law desk calendar* (all the dates were wrong). And there were *Murphy's Law toys* (they broke after one usage). There were

Murphy's Law T-shirts (no armholes), bumper stickers (wouldn't stick to a bumper), and greeting cards (which didn't open).

Nor was TV immune from "Murphymania," as *Time* magazine wittily dubbed the fad. For six years in the late fifties and early sixties, the public remained glued to the series "Murphy's Law," a drama featuring an incompetent attorney for whom everything seemed to go wrong. Below is an excerpt from one of the highest-rated episodes, a scene in which the lawyer (played by Audie Murphy) is consoled by his fast-talking gal Friday (Mary Tyler Moore) after having lost an important inheritance case:

GAL FRIDAY: Don't worry, Murph, there'll be other trials.

LAWYER: If I can lose them, I will.

GAL FRIDAY: Aw, don't put yourself down. Your handling of the case wasn't so bad.

LAWYER: Oh yes it was. It's like I always

say. "If it's possible for me to screw up a will, I will!"

GAL FRIDAY: Now look, I still like you. LAWYER: Well, then, if there is a way in which I could lose your affection, then it will happen, in the worst way possible.

So at last Max was a millionaire, a famous celebrity dating the likes of Jayne Mansfield, Marilyn Monroe, and Sharon Tate, all of whom were enthralled by his fatalistic philosophy. Yet, strangely, he was still unhappy. For despite his good fortune, Murphy had begun to have self-doubts about the very law that had brought him his fame. "You know, everything seems to be going right for me these days," he once confided to a friend. And in a letter to another, he anxiously wrote: "Maybe, sometimes, if something can go wrong, it doesn't necessarily have to."

And so, consumed by uncertainty, Max abandoned his success, burying himself in research in an attempt to discover the truth. Hoping to win the esteem of the scientific world that had scorned him, Murphy tried to come up with a new, more perfect theory. His early attempts proved fruitless. One imperfect theorem, "If something can go wrong for a black person, you should make fun of it," did eventually gain prominence, and is today known as Eddie Murphy's Law. Yet these successes were few and far between, and Max's health began to decline in the process. "He wouldn't touch his meals," a housekeeper during the final days declares. "He'd just mumble stuff like 'things going wrong,' 'incompetence,' and 'hierarchy' without making any sense." Finally, despondent over his failures, at the age of sixty-four Max died of a combined stroke, heart attack, and malignant brain tumor while being run over by a steamroller. His last words make little sense: "In a hierarchy of employees, if something can go wrong, it...arrrrrrgh!" Indeed, it seemed that Murphy's life had obeyed his law and he had died a dismal failure.

Yet, could he have known of the events that would occur a few short months after his death, Max would have died a happy man. Taking Murphy's last, almost unintelligible set of notes, a brilliant young scientist was able to create a brilliant new theory, one that was revealed to the world in a book dedicated "to the memory of Max Murphy." The young man was Laurence J. Peter. The theory, of course, is: "In a hierarchy, every employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence." And the book that is today renowned throughout the world, just as Murphy's Law once was, is none other than *The Peter Principle*.



It's all true.

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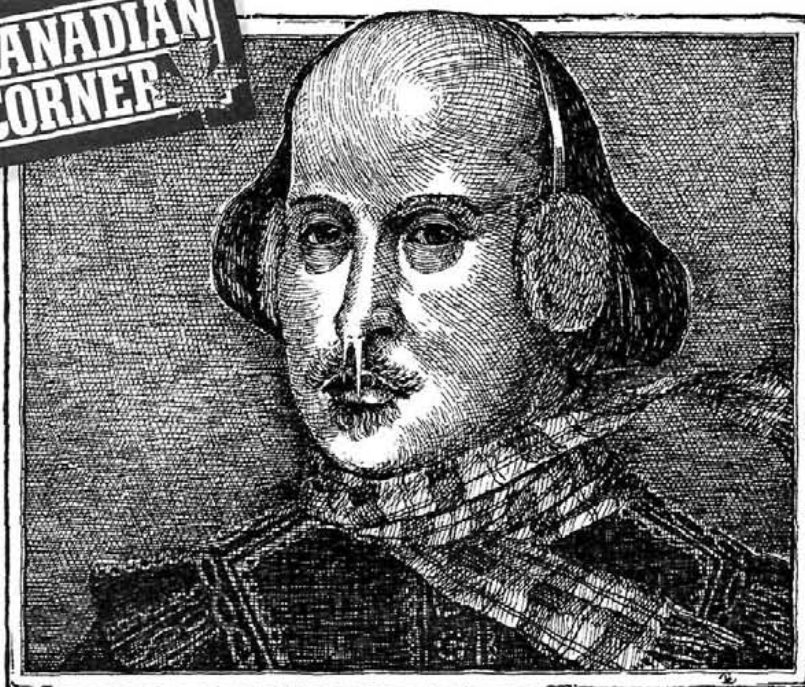


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The Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Canadian Literature (Part 5)

BY SEAN KELLY, TED MANN,
AND BRIAN SHEIN

A MERICAN READERS HAVE long observed that the Bombardier Skiddoo Guide to Canadian Literature, formerly a regular feature in this space, omitted not a few notable Canadian authors.

Here, then, are the latest additions, compiled, as usual, by professors Kelly, Mann, and Shein.

(For those of you unfamiliar with the Guide's format, entries are awarded one, two, three, or even four "skiddoos" on the basis of their contribution to the Canadian literary scene. For those of you unfamiliar with Canada, it is the large landmass to the north.)

Birney, Earl (1904—) A memorable anecdote: aged and crippled, Birney arrived to receive the Governor-General's Award for his poetry, long beloved of the Liberal administration. He bestowed his crutch upon the federal crutch-check girl and assumed his seat. The crutch was removed from the area lest others stumble over it when they assumed their places, late as they might be; and when the national anthem was played, Birney was thus unable to rise. This was misinterpreted by a representative of the Mounted Police as a gesture of Separatist sympathy and caused Birney, upon the very night of his glory, to be cast out into the exterior darkness,

weeping and gnashing his (false) teeth.

By threat of the strap, detention, knuckle-busting metal-edged rulers, and hurled blackboard erasers, high school teachers have made Birney's longish poem *David* (which deals with the controversial subject of euthanasia—see also Lowther, Pat) the most memorable in all Can. Lit. 🐾

Carman, Bliss (1861–1929) Having edited *The Oxford Book of Verse* and written such lines as "To see the frosty aster, like a smoke upon the hills," this guy is unquestionably the most tip-top well-known high-class Canadian lyric poet wherever, in the English-speaking world, women of a certain age teach. (But see also Cohen, Leonard.)

Distantly related on his mum's side to New England transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson (by whose verse he was influenced), he fell, in his student days, under the spell of pantheist philosopher Josiah Royce—for which there is no excuse.

Carman departed the Maritimes in 1890 to live in New York's bohemian Greenwich Village for the duration of his sexually active life. (See also Roberts, Sir Charles G.D.)

A devotee of the then-popular practice of "vagabondage," he became a willing cult figure and eventually dabbled in sapphic forms.

Although never physically robust, he frequently thrashed Village wags who would observe in his presence that "ignorance is bliss." He never forgot his native New Brunswick, and often mentioned to his American friends his desire to vacation there someday. 🐾 🐾 🐾

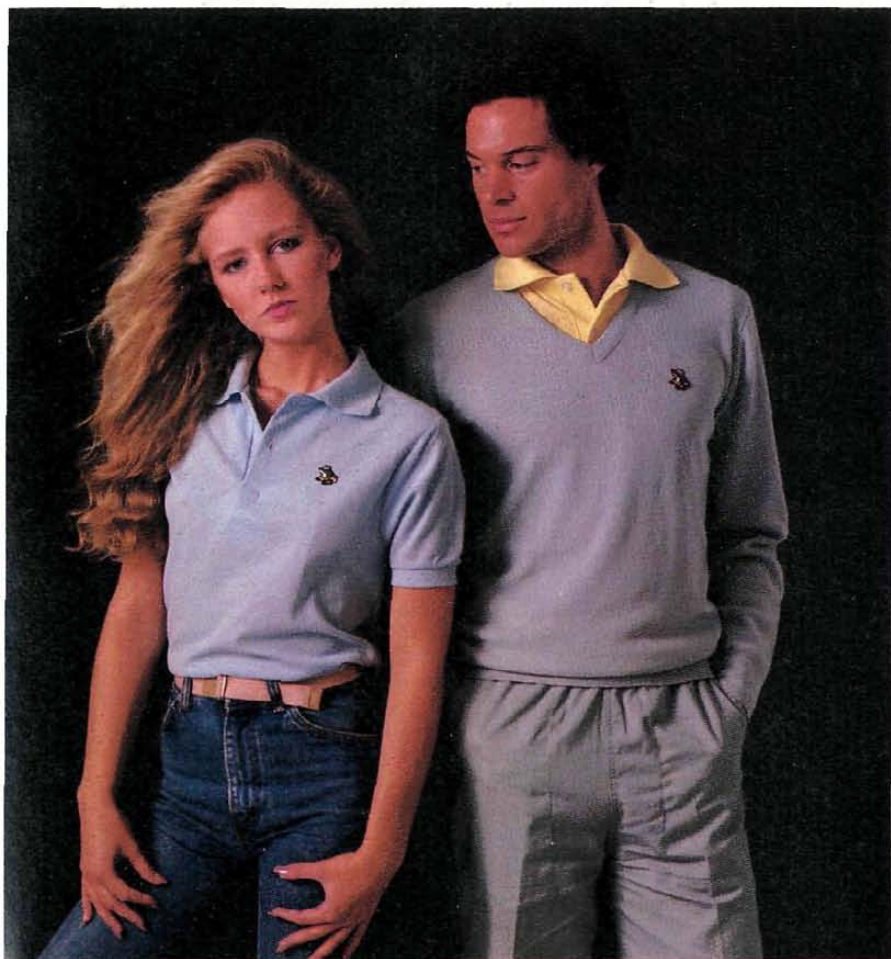
Connor, Ralph (1860–1937) Pen name of Charles William Gordon. Also known as the Reverend, Sky Pilot, etc. As a callow missionary to the pagan Rockies, he converted many a miner to logging, and vice versa. Battle-hardened in bloody Flanders (see also McCrae, John), the demobbed clergyman was nonetheless so appalled by the sight of the Winnipeg general strike that he was moved to found the United Church of Canada.

Connor, whose *Man from Glengarry* was the first, and arguably only Canadian bestseller, is also the single Canadian author of whatever rank to have a female descendant covering the Blue Jays for the *Toronto Star*, and a namesake grandson contributing to the *National Lampoon's* august "Canadian Corner." 🐾 🐾 🐾

Crémazie, Joseph Octave (1822–1879) Upon his graduation from the Séminaire, young Octave founded a

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magazine and a bookstore in Quebec City. His aim, purpose, and ambition were to preserve the culture, language, and folkways of the *Canadiens*, which, even then, were in mortal danger. Not long thereafter, the acknowledged father of French Canadian literature fled his creditors, to live, under an assumed name and in grinding poverty, in France.

A century after his death, the grateful nation of Quebec honored him by giving his name to a shopping mall and Métro station in Montreal. 📖

de la Roche, Mazo (1879–1961) Over the course of her long and lucrative literary career, Ms. de la Roche wrote sixteen great whacking novels recounting the saga of the Whiteoak clan—the single memorable line from all of which is “Somebody kiss me—quick!”

She won \$10,000 from the *Atlantic Monthly* for volume one of the cycle, *Jalna*, and proudly took her place on the list of Canadian novelists to be compared, unfavorably, to John Galsworthy. (See also Atwood, Margaret; Connor, Ralph; et al.) 📖

Drummond, William Henry (1854–1907) Though he had ample opportunity to style himself “W. H.” Drummond, William Henry never took advantage of it, thus giving the bird to his successors, E. J. this and A.J.M. that. The pathetic retaliation by poetry’s “Initial Generation” took the form of a boy-

cott of dialect verse, the genre of which William Henry Drummond had been a master. In fact, all his best—most touching and amusing—material was written in an obscure Québec lingo now heard only on Air Canada flights, or when hockey players are interviewed.

Had the highbrow Anglophone community but hearkened to the patronizing patois in his folkish ditties, they themselves would now be able to pronounce the names of salads on menus in sophisticated places like Chicago and Seattle. 📖 📖

Dudek, Louis (1918–) In his naive youth a flaming Marxist, Loulou suffered a change of mind, heart, and subject matter while on a Canada Council-financed excursion to Mexico. In the Tropics he noticed, with his keen poet’s eye, that the leaves of the lush native flora resembled the genital organs of women he had seen in medical-school textbooks back home.

Upon his return to his native McGill, Louis became a fascist, which he remains. 📖

Fotheringham, Allan (1931–) This testy, quirky satirist often fills in for a Players Filter ad on the page facing the back cover of *MacLeans* magazine. In early middle age he married the scioness of a western newspaper chain, which achievement would have stood him in little stead had he not possessed a typewriter and the habit of ironically

analyzing the events of the day. His compassionate father-in-law, observing Allan’s wildly controversial opinions at a Vancouver sherry party, offered him the forum of his weighty papers, and, as the savvy old man had predicted, not one stockholder noticed. 📖

Goldsmith, Oliver (1794–1861) Grandnephew and redundant namesake of the vastly more accomplished Anglo-Irish author, this man should be remembered, if at all, as a melancholy symbol of Canadian life itself. Sired by a British officer on an American traitor (or Loyalist, as her kind was known locally), young Oliver’s literary ambitions were sparked when he played a role in an amateur production of his granduncle’s masterpiece, *She Stoops to Conquer*. He modeled his major work, *The Rising Village*, on the elder Goldsmith’s *The Deserted Village*. The critical indifference his versifying received had, alas, no precedent in his distinguished relative’s career, and he soon found himself making a bewildered retreat down the slopes of Parnassus. He enjoyed being introduced at dinner parties, but when asked if he was the Oliver Goldsmith would deferentially shake his head. If he had been that ebullient and resourceful Irishman he would have gladly pretended to be Marie Antoinette, the czar of Russia, and a troupe of dancing Mandalay apes in order to gain some social headway. 📖

Grove, Frederick Philip (1879–1948) As a young European aesthete, Grove (or Greve, to use his original German name) formulated an ingeniously decadent plan: to forsake stimulating companionship, rich culture, and the avant-garde of twentieth-century art in order to bury himself in a tedious and meaningless existence as a rural schoolteacher on the Canadian prairies, an existence he was to recount in a series of equally tedious books. His career as a novelist and essayist can thus be seen as a perversely protracted *jeu d’esprit*, carried out with an unfortunate combination of Teutonic wit and Canadian flair for the dramatic. But not even Grove’s dullness was equal to that of his public: when a scene in *Settlers in the Marsh* (published in 1925, three years after *Ulysses*) vaguely hinted at nocturnal marital activities, denunciations of the novel as pornographic caused the mass of Canadian readers to virtuously refuse to buy, let alone read it, often smuggling themselves out of the country wearing false dust jackets in order not to be considered found-ins. 📖

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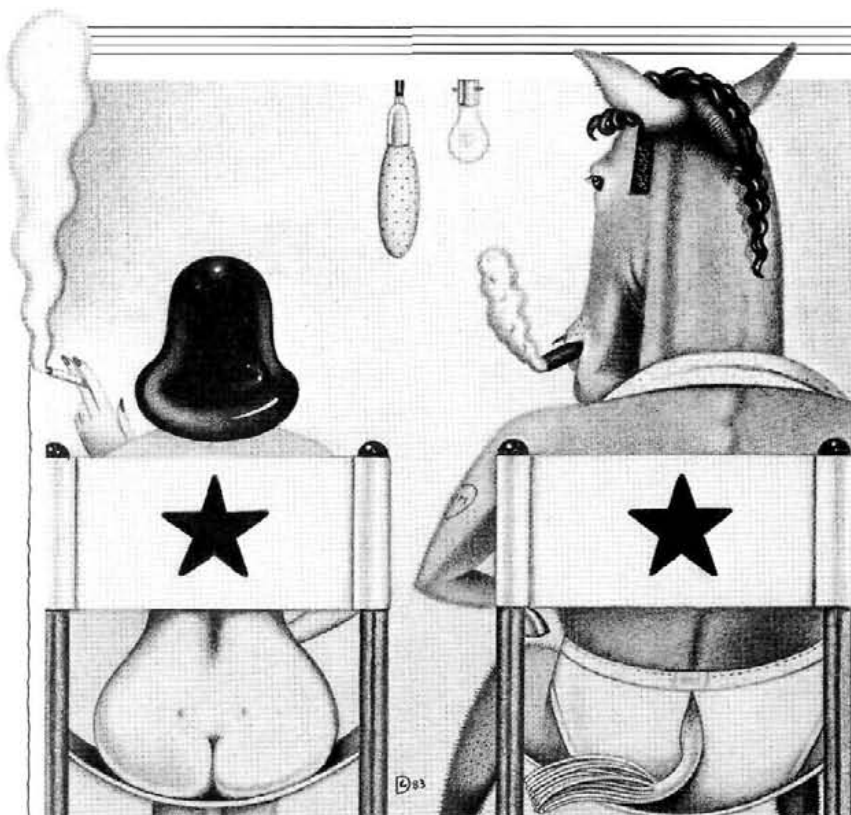
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You think you got gangsters? You think you got porn?
You think you got malteds? Lemme tell you...

Havana, 1949

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

I STARTED IN HAVANA AS A malted runner, back in the late forties. If some big shot, some pimp or high roller, wanted a banana malted, or one of the more exotic flavors, he'd whistle for a *chucero*, a malted runner. There'd be a bunch of us on the street, hanging around. Pimps were crazy about tropical milk drinks. We'd take turns running to the nearest milk stand. The big shots ran up a monthly tab, so they didn't need any money. And I would get a big tip for fast delivery. I was the fastest malted runner in Havana in those days. In fact, one of the pimps wanted to sponsor me for the Olympics. I said it wasn't the same, unless they let me run with a container in my hand.

I FIRST GOT TO HAVANA VIA A NORWEGIAN freighter delivering radios and refrigerators to Cuba after picking them up in New York. I was a mess boy, and I jumped ship when we docked and got a job in one of the hot dives as a dishwasher. Turned out to be a lesbian

hangout. I didn't know this when I was hired. I saw a lot of women in the place, so I thought it looked good. But it didn't do me any harm at all. Cuban lesbians are the best. A lot of them go both ways. I had my hands full, believe me.

I made friends with one of the whores who hung out at this joint. I'll call her Dolores. That wasn't her real name, but it's good enough. Dolores liked to relax at this lesbian bar after she finished work. Girl sex was a real comfort to her, she said, after all those guys all night. She liked a nice plump girl, the way you would like a nice warm bath after a long day's work.

It was Dolores who had got me the job as the malted runner. She had the proverbial whore's heart of gold, that girl. So I ran around for about a year and met plenty of sharp characters. One of them was Raymondo K. That's all he was called—Raymondo K. Raymondo was president of a film company. He got me my first big break, a job in the movies. At that time Cuba was the biggest exporter of stag movies in the world, and Raymondo was one of the

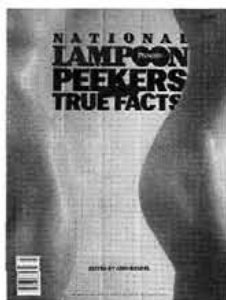
top moguls in his field.

Cuban porn was in a class by itself in those days. We did it all, from short subjects to full-length features. And we had real stories about real people. They were people who just happened to be hornier than ordinary folk. And I'll tell you one thing—those Cuban actors used to do the real thing, all the time. They could get it up and go for one take after another. Some of Cuba's finest directors got their start in porn films, and these guys were perfectionists. They made the actors do the scenes over and over until it was just right.

I started doing part-time work at the studio for Raymondo, and pretty soon I was hired full-time as a scriptwriter. I wrote a lot of the classics, films you can't see anymore because Castro confiscated them all for his private use. I started with the shorts, the ten-minute films that had a minimal story line and maximal fucking time. But within that genre I still managed to insert my own personal vision. I wrote the classic *Espresso Machine Repairman*, a film that has been smuggled out of Havana and still might be seen in someone's private collection. If you're lucky and have a good Mafia connection, you also might rent a print. It's about a housewife in the suburbs who is rich and very bored. She's restless and jumpy. One of the reasons is that she drinks too much coffee (the Cubans really love their coffee). One day her big electric espresso machine goes on the fritz—one of those Italian numbers with the steam and the spouts and the big black handle. So she calls the repair service and they promise to send a man over.

Meanwhile, we see how bored and horny she is. She starts fondling the big black handle of the espresso machine. This is when the espresso-machine repairman enters. She excuses herself and explains that she was trying to "fix" the machine herself. The repairman, of course, is a big, strapping fellow with a big black handle of his own, which by now is bulging right out of his pants. The guy looks at the machine and fixes it in one minute. It seems there wasn't much wrong with it. "Bravo!" cries the girl. They toast each other with cups of espresso. Then the girl asks the guy if he can give her a little of his "cappuccino." He smiles and accommodates her. What you see next is a wonderful fuck scene, intercut with shots of cappuccino being made, with the steaming milk swirling around in the glass getting hotter and hotter and the foam building and building, until the couple has an orgasm. It's a real symbolic piece of film, much better than the usual rolling waves or lightning-and-thunder stuff. It

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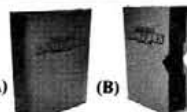
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was brilliant, if I may say so.

Espresso Machine Repairman was so popular that I had to write more than twenty sequels. You might have seen *Vacuum Cleaner Salesman*, *Refrigerator Man*, and *Plumber SOS*, among others. The point to remember is that all these films used real appliances as the central part of the plot. This made the stories and the characters real and believable.

From porn shorts I naturally graduated to features. At that time I had to do these Spanish porn adaptations of popular Hollywood films. It was much easier to do a parody of an existing film than create an original. But even in such films as *The Pleasures of Sara's Mattress*, *The Man Who Came at Dinner*, and *Snow White and the Seven Dorks*, my individual artistry and personal vision shone through.

IN THOSE DAYS IN HAVANA YOU HAD your sex as casually as you sipped a daiquiri or had a shoeshine. In fact, you

could have your sex while sipping a daiquiri or having your shoes shined—or having lunch, or working in the film-editing room, or sitting in the botanical gardens. Everybody had a sister or a cousin who was available for a few bucks. You could get laid in a big hotel lobby or in a cigar store. When you shopped for your groceries you usually took one of the clerks into the back room for a quickie. The gambling casinos had special girls who would sell you chips and give you a handjob while you were betting. Factory workers would take about three hours off every day just to have sex. Baseball games would be stopped for a seventh-inning sex break. Every hotel had a special wake-up and beddy-bye girl at a nominal charge. One would get your heart started in the morning and the other would fuck you into a nice deep sleep. There was also another group on night duty in the halls in case you woke up with a piss hard-on and wanted to use it on someone. Barbershops were teeming

with sex. So were movie houses, clothing shops, and hardware stores. Doctors' offices and hospitals were great places to get laid. If you were in for an operation, the nurses would dope you up a little and fuck you all day and night. A lot of cab drivers had a girl in the backseat who just went along to fuck you, if you wanted it. If you made a deposit in the bank, no matter how small, the teller would give you a blowjob, at least. When the weather was especially pleasant a lot of people would just do it right on the street, stopping traffic. But the drivers weren't mad. They'd get out and wait their turn. You could really get your rocks off in Havana in those days, believe me.

THEN THERE WERE THE WEEKLY softball games between the pimps and the guys who worked for Raymondo's porn studio. I was playing center field for Raymondo's team, called the Diplomatic Puddings. God knows, we had more than our share of cheerleaders. All the whores and the porn actresses used to show up, dressed in the skimpiest outfits. It was more than just a softball game. It was a picnic, a party that turned into an orgy. It could be anything, and usually was. If a guy got bored in the outfield, a girl could run up and give him a quick blowjob. Of course, it would be just my luck to get a fly ball hit in my direction while my fly was wide open. The rule was you had to stop what you were doing and run for the ball, even if your wee-wee was hanging out. That always got a big laugh.

It was at one of these softball games that I met Fidel Castro. He was just a student in those days, still very wet behind the ears, behind the neck, and behind the knees. He was a friend of a guy who worked for Raymondo. I remember exactly how he did. He went 0 for 7, striking out five times, twice with the bases loaded. He made four errors, including one that allowed the winning runs. After the game, Raymondo and a few others beat the shit out of him and told him to go back to *las cantinas de maricóns*, the fag bars where he came from. He's still a lousy player, I understand.

When I left Havana a few years later, I could sense the handwriting on the wall. The drinks were getting weaker, the girls were getting tougher, and the Mob was getting greedier. But I had no regrets. I still had my health. I managed not to catch any clap or syph, and I had a few bucks tucked away in a foreign bank account. It was the grandest time of my life. They don't make places like Havana anymore. ■



America's Jolly Good

Time of the Month

APRIL EDITION



"Clearly marked sea lanes are a lot less confusing than trying to figure out if you're two hundred miles off the coast somewhere," claims new Commissioner of Sea Lanes Mark Spitz. "And that's almost impossible because they don't have road signs or places to ask for information on the ocean!"

Reagan Proposes Sea Lanes, Finds Job for Mark Spitz

AFTER TEN LONG YEARS OF COMPLEX international negotiation involving more than 150 countries, the United States government last year refused to sign a comprehensive Law of the Sea treaty. This year, President Reagan has proclaimed a triumphant victory for his administration by announcing the American alternative to the Law of the Sea treaty, the International Sea Lane Rule.

Under the Sea Lane Rule, incredibly long nylon ropes with little blue-and-white flotation devices would be extended across the world's oceans, dividing the waters into sea lanes, which would then be divided among *all* the world's countries, regardless of whether

or not they actually possessed coastal waters on their borders.

"It's just like a swimming pool," Reagan claims, "because everyone knows their place and you don't have problems bumping into people when you're doing your fishing or shipping and mining and so forth.

"All that Law of the Sea stuff was too confusing anyway," the president con-
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

Professor Issues Statement

DOGS CAN LIVE UNDERWATER, SAYS Professor Irwin Gluck of San Diego State. "But not very long," admits the sadistic scholastic.

Liz Says Begin Beat Her Up

AMERICAN ACTRESS ELIZABETH TAYLOR is suing the State of Israel for injuries received during a visit with its prime minister, Menachem Begin. The suit seeks ten million dollars in damages.

According to documents filed in California Civil Court, Miss Taylor was "exposed to serious bodily injury and even further risk to life and limb" while having a drink with Begin. During their visit, Mr. Begin reportedly attempted to strangle Miss Taylor, broke her ankle, and "beat her about the body with a large bone."

"I am deeply sorry for my actions," Begin proclaimed in response to the suit. "It's just that every time I see a large landmass displaying enormous wealth, I go batshit."



A distraught Menachem Begin begs Elizabeth Taylor's forgiveness. Miss Taylor is suing the entire State of Israel, claiming that it has total responsibility for "the absolute madman occupying the prime minister's office!"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

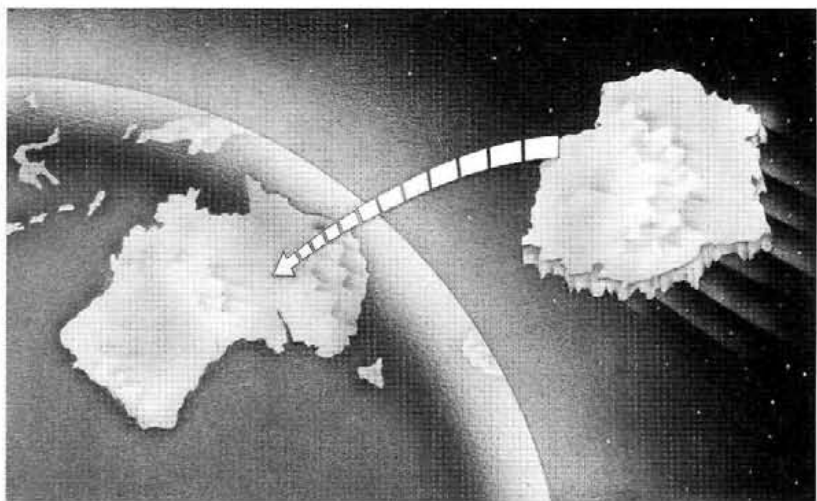
tinued. "We've got enough problems patrolling a little itty-bitty body of water like the Rio Grande for wetbacks and illegal aliens, so how could anyone expect us to monitor two-hundred-mile-wide stretches of water in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans?"

Reagan has named Mark Spitz, Olympic Gold Medal winner, to the new position of commissioner of sea lanes. "I like the idea a lot," Spitz told reporters. "Who needs an international treaty that makes the same law for every country, anyway? That would take all the fun out of traveling and experiencing new cultures and new laws, for one thing."

Reagan Asserts Bulgarian Connection

TOP AIDES TO PRESIDENT REAGAN today expressed worry that his public image received a severe blow during a recent speech to the North American Bishops Conference. In the speech, Reagan threatened to "hire me a gang of Bulgarian terrorists to shoot your peckers off if you don't stop this whining about nuclear arms!" The president will not modify his remarks.

More Soviet Satellites to Crash



Artist's conception shows another Soviet satellite leaving orbit, likely to impact in the Antipodes.

IT IS THE NATURE OF THE MONOLITHIC Eastern economic system that when one satellite performs poorly others may be expected to follow suit.

Thus, following the descent of the satellite Cosmos 1402, we may expect other Soviet satellites to crash. Rumania's orbit is reported to have begun deteriorating, and she is expected to slam down somewhere in Australia.

Australian officials are "gravely concerned," says a spokesman for Prime Minister Malcom Fraser's office. "These Rumanians might be strewn the entire length of the country, and we simply don't have the manpower to run down hundreds of thousands of short greasy little people in colorfully embroidered felt shorts."

Piers Ackerman, a knackerman on a sheep station near Alice Springs, remembers what happened when the rabbit was introduced to Australia. "They lived hard, bred fast, and denuded the range. I have every reason to believe these Rumanians may do the same. By the looks of them they may be biologically compatible with dingoes."

The dingo is a wild dog that feeds primarily on carrion.

Blueprint for Peace

by Ted "This Insanity Has Gone On Long Enough" Mann

1 Propose an exchange of hostages with the Russians. We give them the first-born children of the board chairmen of Fortune 500 companies and they give us the same or something.

2 Have every member of Congress cut off his pinkie and wrap it in a napkin and send it to a member of the Presidium. They'll probably do the same, maybe.
At least they'll know we're sincere.

3 If that doesn't work, George Bush should undertake a personal and unsanctioned peace initiative and fly without authorization to the Soviet Union like Rudolf Hess.

4 Have a national "minute of sidewalk licking" in which every man, woman, and child in the U.S. gets down on his or her hands and knees and licks the sidewalk to show our powerful national desire for peace and lack of war.

Wee Small Interesting Fact

IF A CELIBATE ORDAINED CATHOLIC songbird played first base for St. Louis in the National League and was named a prince of the church by the pope, he would be Cardinal Cardinal of the Cardinals. Ponder that the next time you're peeling carrots.

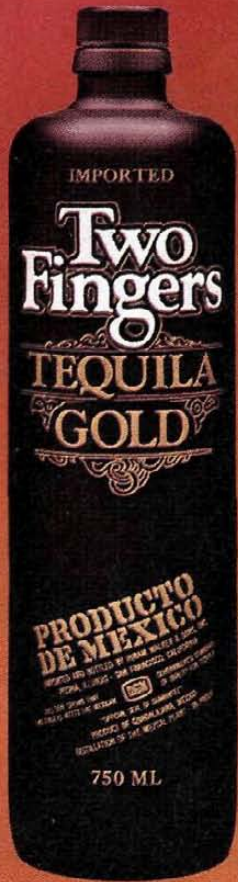
Time of the Month

EDITOR:
Tod Carroll

CONTRIBUTORS:
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Glenn Eichler, Fred Graver,
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Jaruzelski to Star in Roy Orbison Film Bio

GENERAL WOJCIECH JARUZELSKI has announced that he will star in the Polish Film Board's production of *The Life and Times of Roy Orbison*.

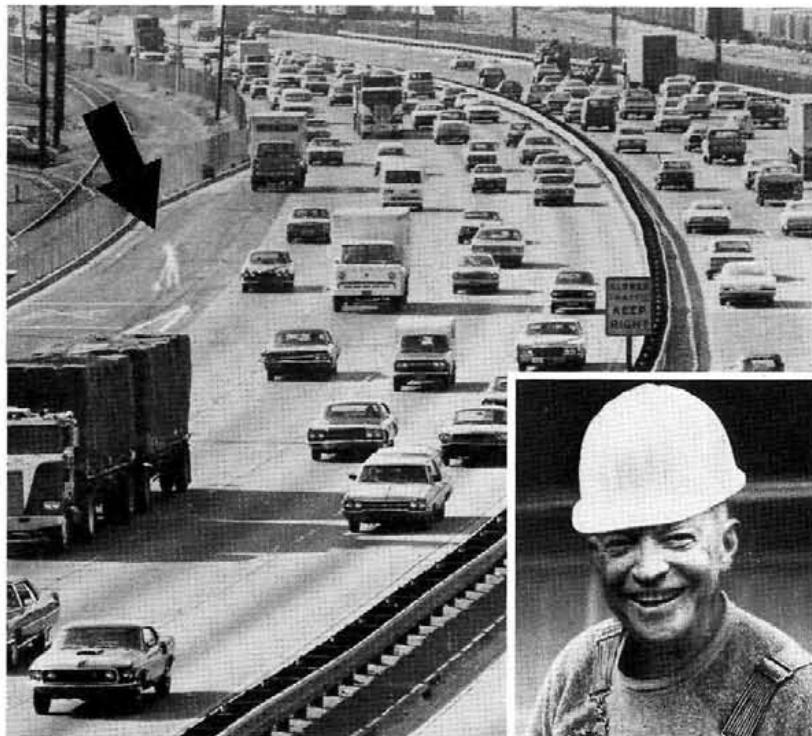
The garrulous, chain-smoking general's announcement came as no surprise to millions of Poles, who have been treated to nightly radio broadcasts of Orbison classics as sung by Jaruzelski. Jaruzelski's recently completed album of Orbison songs, entitled *Woj Sings Roy, with Strings*, is currently the most popular record in Poland, with close to 1,500 people lining up every day to listen to one of the six copies currently in supply. This far exceeds the popularity of the previous number-one album, a collection of Polish folk songs sung by Pope John Paul II.



Roy Orbison and General Wojciech Jaruzelski during a recording session in Lublin, capital of the Polish pop-music industry.

which typically has only 800 people a day lining up to listen to one of the three existing copies.

The Orbison project will "lens" this summer, filming on location in Warsaw, Gdansk, Cracow, and Lublin. According to Polish film insiders, these towns "look just the way Nashville, Memphis, Las Vegas, and Hollywood would if they were in Poland." ■



The ghost of the interstates. "I want to shake people up," he claims.

Our Highways Are Haunted, Claims Shaken Truck Driver

IT'S LATE AT NIGHT. YOU'RE DRIVING along, maybe a little drowsy, when suddenly in the headlights there's *an old guy*—right in the middle of an eight-lane superhighway! My God, what's he doing? He's shoveling something into a pothole! You hit the brakes, but... Terrified, shaken, hoping you weren't too late, you pull over to the side. Looking back, you see the old man, still standing, still shoveling. When he finishes, he walks over to you and introduces himself. "Hi," he says, beaming proudly. "I'm Dwight Eisenhower. And this highway is a darn disgrace, if you ask me."

The ghost of former president Dwight Eisenhower has been spotted by no fewer than twenty-seven truck drivers in the last six months, according to Michael Mahr, the president of the "I've Seen Ike Society" and a driver for the Yellow Line Trucking Company.

According to Mahr, Eisenhower's spirit has become so distressed over the condition of the interstate highway system, which he worked so hard to develop, that he has chosen to appear in places around America and "shake people up a little."

"I've had a few talks with Ike myself," Mahr claims, "and there're quite a few things he's riled up about in this world. But our interstates are what really burns him up. He told me once, 'Mike, a nation's highways are its arteries. If they collapse, the blood can't get to the heart or the brain, and then you have a heart attack, just like I did. And then, before you know it, Nixon's running the country. I've seen it happen, I know what it's like.'"

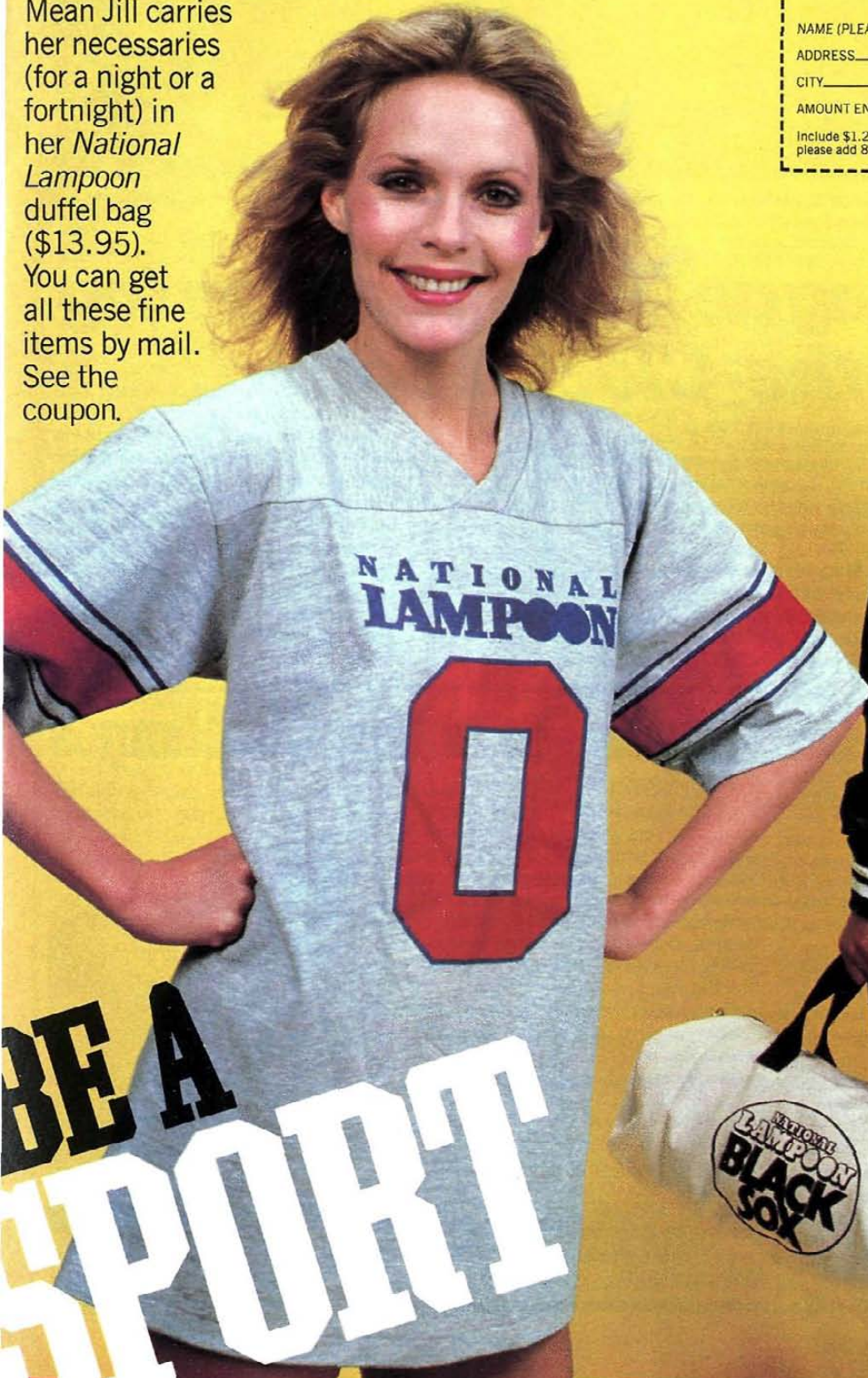
Mahr is currently directing a campaign to get America's leaders to drive around in trucks until they see Ike themselves. "I wish the president of this great country could see and hear what I have," he says. "He'd appropriate some highway funds pretty damn quick, believe me." ■

Shultz Says Size Doesn't Count

SECRETARY OF STATE GEORGE SHULTZ announced today that the size of a man's penis does not greatly affect his ability to govern a country. ■

This is top model Mean Jill Greene, togged up in the new *National Lampoon* football jersey (\$12.95). With her, wearing the very prestigious and very, very popular *National Lampoon* Black Sox jacket (\$31.95) is her number-one butt-girl Frankie, who travels everywhere with her and runs out for more makeup or eyelashes or foundation garments when Mean Jill's got a heavy fashion shoot on.

Mean Jill carries her necessaries (for a night or a fortnight) in her *National Lampoon* duffel bag (\$13.95). You can get all these fine items by mail. See the coupon.



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New League to Begin Playing Round-the-Clock Football

IT HAD TO HAPPEN. FIRST THERE was the National Football League, sparking America's passion for the game. Then, to quench a demand for more of the sport, came the American Football League, then the World Football League and the U.S. Football League. The public's intense thirst still unslaked, a coalition of millionaires has now created what it bills as "the first football league to play 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, so there'll never be even a second when Americans will have to be without their favorite sport."

According to Jack Pandeci, official spokesman for the group, "The new league will consist of 17,500 teams playing in 442 cities. The first part of the day will consist of regular games, and around five o'clock there'll be a bowl game. Then, every evening, there'll be a Superbowl. Once a week, there'll be a Super Superbowl. Once every two weeks, a Super Super Superbowl. And so on. The whole thing will use up three television channels full-time. And, in order to allow as many Americans to physically attend the games as possible, we've developed portable stadiums that can be taken apart, put into vans, and reassembled in vacant lots anywhere in the country."

Recruiting is going on right now to fill the teams. Says Pandeci, "We'll need some really tough players because, let's face it, they aren't going to get too much rest. We figure the average player will put in about two or three games a day. Those guys should get pretty banged up, and in a little while it'll look like a

bunch of squashed-up prunes fighting over a small piece of a dead cow, but that's what makes the game great."

What if there aren't enough players available for all the teams? Admitted Pandeci, "That could have been a problem. But fortunately, we lobbied hard with Congress and rushed through a bill instituting a national draft under a Universal Selective Football Act. The president, who understands the value of

sports, has signed it, and now every young man in the country is required to sign up at the age of eighteen, undergo thirteen weeks of basic field training, and then spend a two-year stint in uniform with a team. I know there'll be a few objectors who'll try to avoid their responsibility, but most kids will think twice about noncompliance when they see the twenty-year jail term facing them." ■

Fischer Faces New Challenges

BOBBY FISCHER, FORMER WORLD chess champion and strange person, began the long journey on the comeback trail by winning his first competition—a cheesecake-eating contest sponsored by a small manufacturer of the delicious baked good in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "It wasn't man-to-man, but it still felt good," Bobby commented after the match.

The contest pitted the six-foot Fischer against a five-pound plain cheesecake, the objective being to eat all eight pieces without booting. "I felt great for the first four pieces," said Bobby, "but I almost lost it on the fifth. I struggled awhile, and I think the sixth piece was the decisive point. After that slid down, I knew I had it won."

Fischer plans to pick up the chess pieces after a few more tune-ups. Next stop: a gator-wrasslin' free-for-all in southern Florida. ■



Fischer takes training seriously before the big match. ■

"Heaven... I'm in Heaven..."

Results of Vatican III Council announced

SURPRISE AND EXCITEMENT reign in Rome this month over Pope John Paul II's dramatic announcement of the long-awaited results of the Third Vatican Council. This assembly of top Roman Catholic theologians was called by Pope Paul VI in 1966 to continue the work of the Second Vatican Council in resolving certain church controversies. And after seventeen years of continuous effort, the council has finally reported progress on one long-standing theological debate: namely, the question of how many angels can dance on the head of a pin.

"No, we don't have the exact number yet," admitted council spokesman Enrique Cardinal Cordova. "But we are getting closer. Actually, the breakthrough came with Pope John Paul's announcement last year that though sex exists in heaven, it is without physicality. This revelation proved key in our analysis of the angel question. We had broken down the problem of how many angels could dance on the head of a pin into certain variables, such as the size of the individual angel, the type of dancing they were doing, and the tempo of the music they were using. But here everyone was stymied until we realized that only one type of terrestrial dance fit the pope's qualification of "sexuality without physicality"—ballroom dancing, as long as a four-finger-distance rule between couples is strictly maintained. So now we know what type of dancing those angels on the pin are doing, and the relative amount of space each pair needs on the dance floor. All we need now is a fix on the size of an angel. Right now our best people are working around the clock, peering at pin heads through electron microscopes in order to figure that one out. The trouble is, the angels move too fast for us to count or measure one, and whenever we try to slow the music, they stop dancing and go off to a punch bowl. But we're trying."

BACK ISSUES



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Robotic labor unionists rioting at a Ford plant in Ohio: "Not afraid to stand up to the bosses!"

UAW to Boost Membership with Robots

UNITED AUTO WORKERS PRESIDENT-elect Owen Bieber today unveiled the union's radical new plan to combat assembly-line automation. "The big car manufacturers are trying to jam industrial robots down America's throat," he said, "and America is gagging."

Accordingly, the union has designed and built its own "labor robots" and plans to begin utilizing them immediately at local chapter meetings around the country. "These aren't namby-pamby robots that can only do one thing, like turn a screw or spot-weld," Bieber said. "We're talking tough, versatile, stand-up American robots, the hardest-working robots in the world."

The new machines are programmed to walk into chapter meetings wearing flannel shirts and heavy work boots, boo loudly at the slightest mention of increased productivity, and invariably vote against any contract proposals made by management. "We're going to more than double our national membership with these things," said Bieber, "and overwhelm the automakers by sheer numbers. It'll be an American

labor revolution!"

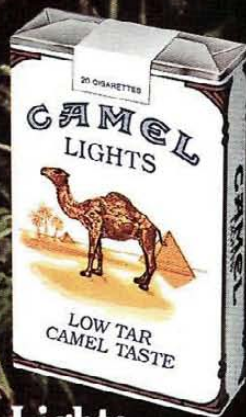
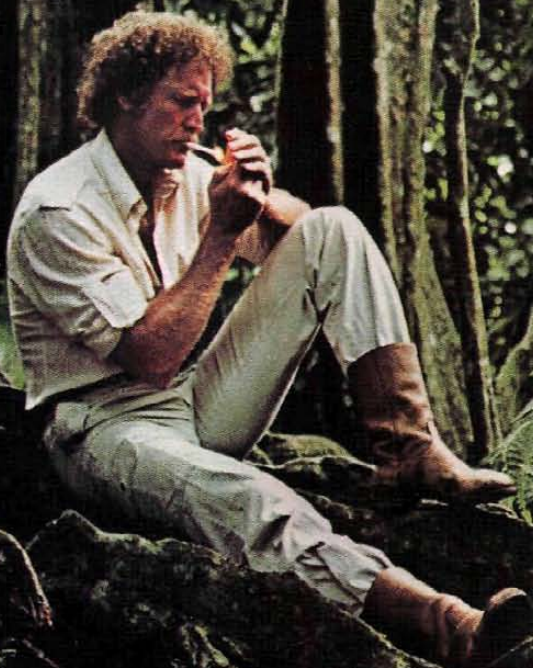
Bieber explained that the robots were built by laid-off Chrysler workers and, pressed by reporters, did admit to some problems with prototype models. "The first few robots off the line showed a tendency to head for the nearest bar, spend four hours there, and then go home and beat their wives," he conceded. "But that's to be expected with any new high-technology product. We've changed the circuitry a bit, and now all they do is slash the tires on Toyotas." ■

New Station Bows

CABLE TV'S LATEST "SUPERSTATION" debuts this month when The Wee-Wee Channel, owned and operated by the North American Man-Boy Love Association, launches programming with a week-long Little Rascals film festival. Regularly scheduled shows include "Circus Boy," "Dennis the Menace," and an original health series, "Shower with the Cub Scouts." ■

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Camel Lights.
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FOTO FUNNIES



LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

Sirs:
We are really concerned. They have to stop putting chemical preservatives and additives in Boy Scouts. Boy Scouts should be 100 percent natural.

A Bunch of Cannibals
Across the Lake from
Camp Chingatchgook, Md.

Sirs:
I have been a wanderer
A pilgrim orphan lad
Searching for my own true self
While searching for my dad.
Asking strangers, "Who am I?"
Asking strangers in,
Never knowing where I am
Or would be, or have been.
Where did all my footprints start?
What does it all mean?
Then I found my answer
In *People* magazine.
Mother's name I may not know,
Father's name I can't.
But since I was my uncle's wife,
Then I must be my aunt!

Rod McKuen
The Glory Hole
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:
I can tell you where all the virgins are—their fur is getting chopped off and turned into expensive shirts.

Sammy the Sheep
A pasture

Sirs:
We received your order for the case of non sequiturs. You want them shipped out immediately or should we cart the fox urine and slip beaver grease under Indianapolis?

Dispatcher #33
Orben Humor Works
Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:
Now listen, I've had more than I can swallow with this porno-star image. I've gone straight! I have a decent husband, a darling child, and a respectable job as a night deposit box for a sperm bank.

Linda Lovelace
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
I think incest jokes are about as funny as aunts in your pants, and bathroom jokes are about as funny as a bowel full of monkeys, and racial jokes are about as funny as calling a spade a spade, and VD jokes are about as funny as looking a gift whore in the mouth for herpes, and drug jokes are about as funny as

losing your last needle in a haystack, and necrophiliac jokes are about as funny as *The Naked in the Dead*, and presidential assassination jokes are just about as funny as a shot in the head. But I have to admit that religion jokes are as funny as hell.

Agnes Tick
No. Church, Mass.

Sirs:
I just found out something really neat. If you plug the auxiliary cables into the breaker lines you can play all the latest video games on your radar screen. Uh, oh... I'll get back to you.

An Air-Traffic Controller
Kennedy Airport

Sirs:
What is it, five o'clock already? Okay, it's time. That'll be \$3.29 for the white, \$3.70 for the red.

Paul Masson
Napa Valley, Calif.

Sirs:
It's not fair. Just because he's Jewish and I'm not, Woody Allen is a big famous movie star and I'm stuck here on HBO, even though I'm hip and in-

tellectual, and we even have the same managers. Just thought you'd want to know.

Dick Cavett
c/o The Rollins & Joffe Offices

Sirs:
That's a lot of typical anti-Semitic craperoony. I'm hip, I have the same managers as Woody and Dick, I'm stuck on HBO, and I'm as Jewish as they come.

Robert Klein
Ditto

Sirs:
I have an idea for a movie. It's about a Neanderthal man who makes it in major league baseball. It's my own idea, and no one helped me think of it. Okay, maybe that guy in the third row of Veterans Stadium had a hand in it, but I don't know who he is, so I can't give him any money for it. Think of it: we could call it *The Pete Rose Story*. No, it's not autobiographical. What gave you that idea?

Pete Rose
Punching out cheap hits
in pursuit of Ty Cobb's record

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 81)

Things your mother never told you about Secs.

Secs can be good.

And when it's Hiram Walker Triple Sec, it isn't just good. It's fantastic! (Sorry, Mom.)

Secs can be respectable.

Introduce your friends to Hiram Walker Triple Sec on the rocks. Watch how quickly they respect you for your mind.

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THE NEW BOOK OF THE T·H·O·U·S·A·N·D N·I·G·H·T·S A·N·D A N·I·G·H·T



EY, BUDDY, AND LISTEN UP.

Verily the wiseguings of far-off peoples are instances and examples to fellows alive today. And truly you did not have to be there.

It is related (but insofar as it is true and insofar as it may be malicious, only Zahmad, Wahid, and Boogie, libel attorneys of Riyadh, may say!) that there lived in one of the old Trucial states an emir.

It came to pass one day that this emir must needs travel to a meeting with a certain Saudi prince, his wazirs, and his advisers. So he caused his Cadillacs and his Lincolns and his great Rolls-Royce, and a Duesenberg and a Daimler, with their loads and provisions of Cadbury chocolates and colored supplements to Sunday newspapers, to be driven forth.

When they had passed some ten distances he bethought him that he had forgotten his pipe tamper and Dunhill toothpick of soft gold. So he returned to his city and stealthily made his way into his apartments. There he found his lady watching a video-cassette recorder, and it was showing *The Electric Horseman*, and drunkenness, and thievery, and the unclean things of the West.

“If such things happen when I am yet within sight of the city,” he said, “what kind of jiggery or even pokery will this damned whore get up to when I am

meeting with Prince Al-Saud?"

So he drew his Ingram M-11 sub-machine gun and he blew her into four pieces and, leaving her lying on the Isfahan carpet, he went to his meeting with the prince and let no one there know what had passed.

Yet he could not help thinking on his wife's treason, and he waxed weak and his color turned yellow and he was threatened with a dangerous malady just as might bring a man to vomiting.

And when the Saudi prince saw the emir's condition he was in fear for him, for he needed some documents executed, pronto.

So the prince summoned Swiss cardiologists, and an oncologist from London, and two renal specialists from Dallas/Fort Worth, and a hematologist from Johns Hopkins, and an internist and a proctologist from Montreal. The prince bade them treat the emir according to the rules of their art. So they gave him a coronary bypass and counted the

leukocytes in his arteries and removed one kidney and put back another, centrifuged his blood, argued the merits of prednisone and prednisolone and settled on neither, then looked up his bum with a fiber-optic tube.

It did not benefit him, for still he dwelt on the deed of his wife.

Then one day the prince said to him, "I'm flying to Monte with some of the boys, to shoot some craps and take pleasure with a starlet—maybe this would give you a kick or two?"

"Oh brother, my soul recoils from the prospect; suffer me to tarry around your place, being as I still feel pretty rank."

So the prince suffered him to stay behind and the next morning fared forth to Monte for cabarets and cassoulets and a bit of Sauterne and some sadomasochism.

And it came to pass that in his disconsolate wandering the emir found himself overlooking the swimming pool

of the prince, which was in an internal courtyard.

"I wonder he does not guard it more," thought the emir, and the door to the cabana came open and out of it came two female attendants called "friends," and they were followed by the prince's American wife, she who was a model of tawinness and firmness and globularity and blond to boot.

The woman and her attendants began to sport about the pool and then to drink from glasses which were purple and then to splash one another and then to shriek, and the emir saw they were drunken and that they were drunken with diet colas.

Then it was that the woman said to one of the attendants, "Sally, will you do my back?" and she did roll over so that her stomach and other parts were in close contact with the groaning earth, with but a towel between them, and the attendant began to rub upon her back costly scented Sea and Ski emollient.

When the emir saw this he said to himself, "By Allah, my calamity is lighter than this! This prince is a greater wheel than I, yet this infamy goes on beside his very swimming pool."

At once he shed his despondency, and when supertime came he ate voraciously an enormous bloody ovoid of charred camel, a gray steaming goat's liver, and seven hairy bony unskinned calf's tails, for he had long refrained from meat, feeling unable to touch any dish, however dainty.

Ten days hence, when the prince did blow in from Monte and when he saw his friend the emir and looked upon his face, which had waxed ruddy, and when he saw the hue of health surrounding him, he did marvel exceedingly and almost shit, saying, "Praise be to Allah, I see that thy health has returned and thou art again healthy as a Swiss franc. I charge thee, tell me how this came down?"

The emir bowed low and spake, saying, "I will tell the cause of the condition, but pray excuse me telling the cause of my return to health, for most assuredly you would go off your nut, maybe start shooting strangers from a minaret."

Said the prince, who was surprised at this speaking, "First let me hear what produced thy pallor and cost thee the shine of thy nose."

So the emir told him how he had returned to his apartments and what had transpired there, and the prince marveled, saying, "For sure the malice of women is mighty. Truly if it were me I would have pissed on the quartered corpse of the slag as well! Then maybe hung her pets, and that way madness lies. Now I pray thee, with absolute

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 48)



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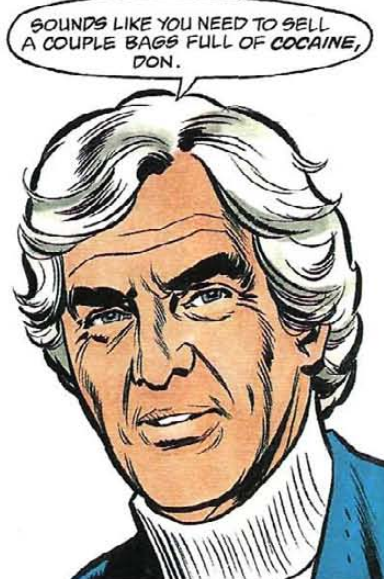
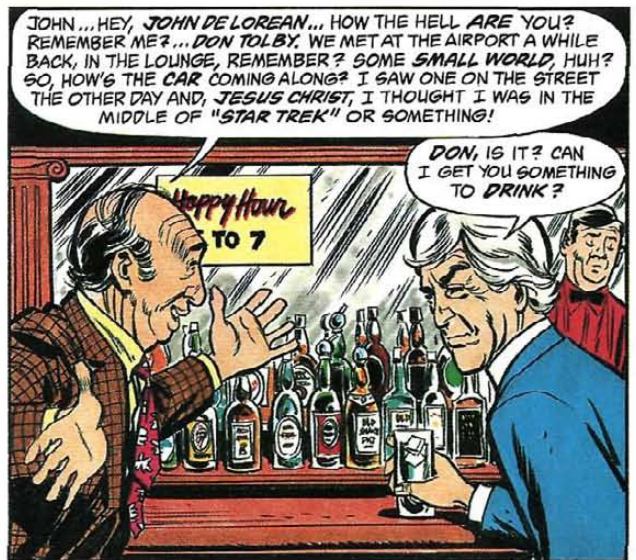
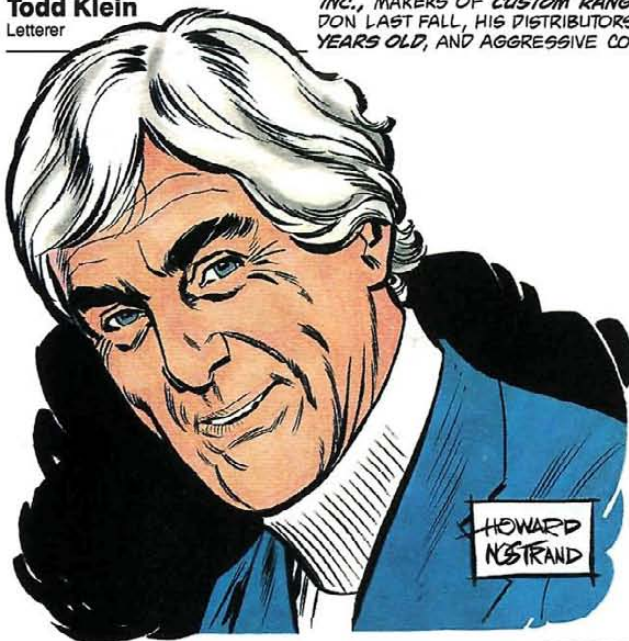
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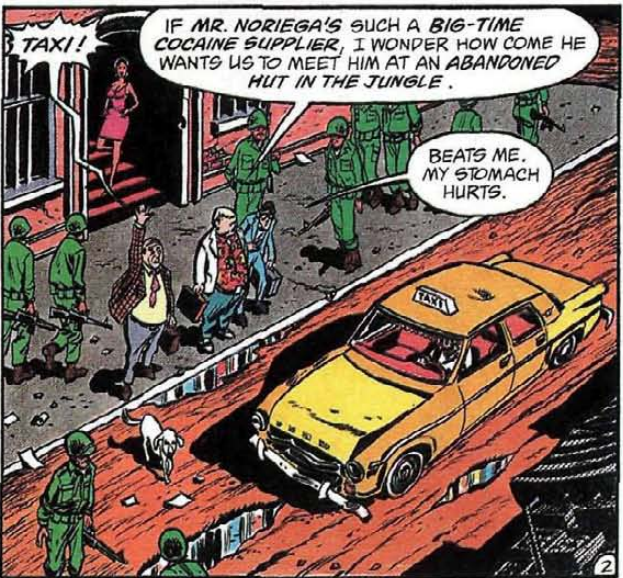
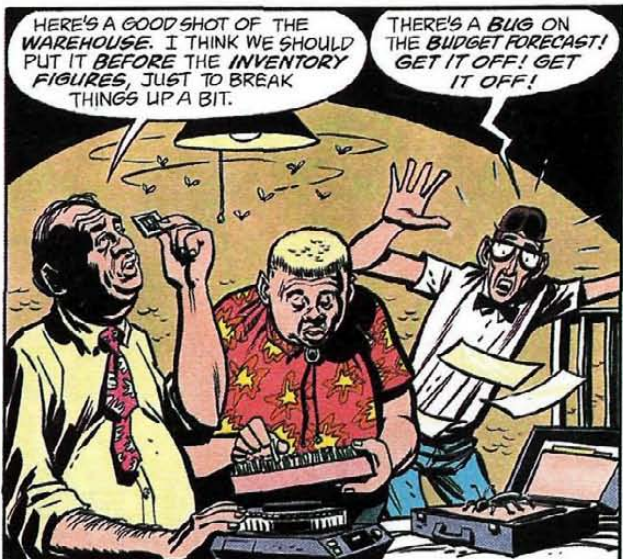
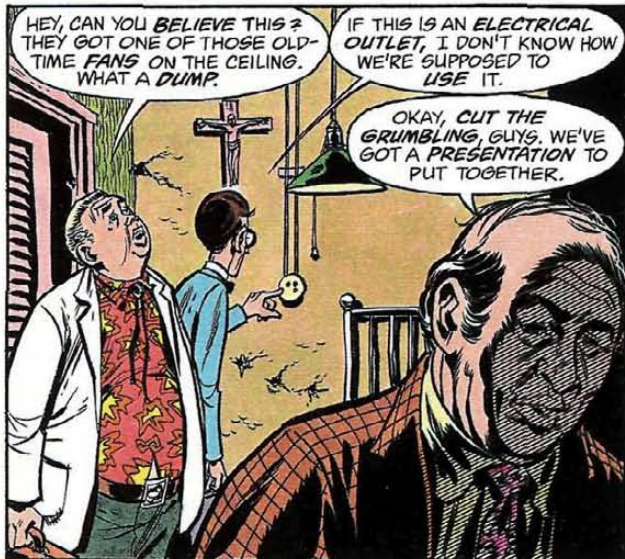
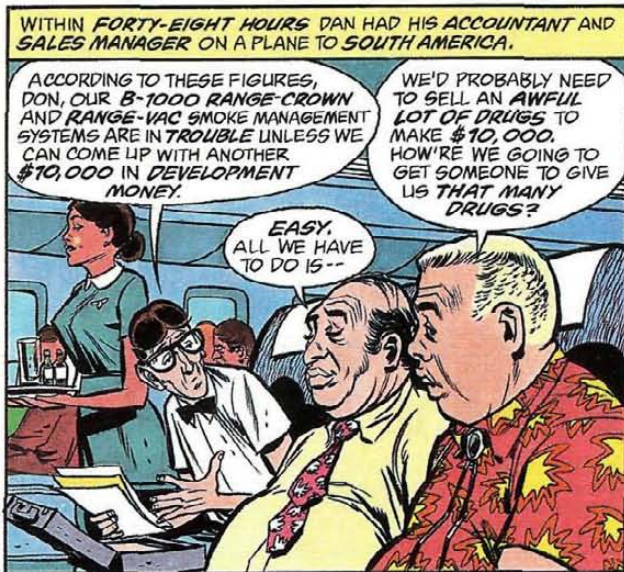
Todd Klein

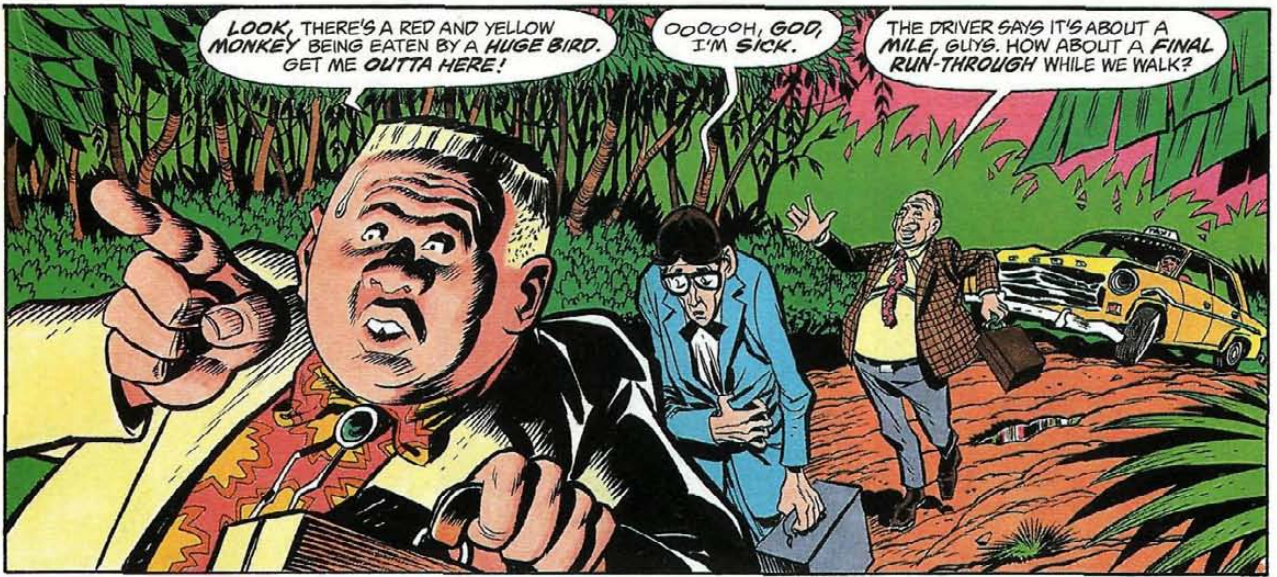
Letterer

John Z. De Lorean's TALES OF CAPITAL FORMATION

HELLO, I'M **JOHN Z. DE LOREAN**. I GUESS I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW **DIFFICULT** IT IS THESE DAYS FOR A COMPANY TO FIND **CAPITAL**, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S NEEDED IN A **HURRY**. **DON TOLBY'S DEE-TEE, INC.**, MAKERS OF **CUSTOM RANGE HOODS AND FANS**, IS A **GOOD CASE** IN POINT. WHEN I FIRST MET **DON** LAST FALL, HIS **DISTRIBUTORS WERE LOSING MONEY**, HIS **MACHINERY WAS MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS OLD**, AND **AGGRESSIVE COMPETITORS WERE BEATING HIS PRICE AND QUALITY BY A MILE...**



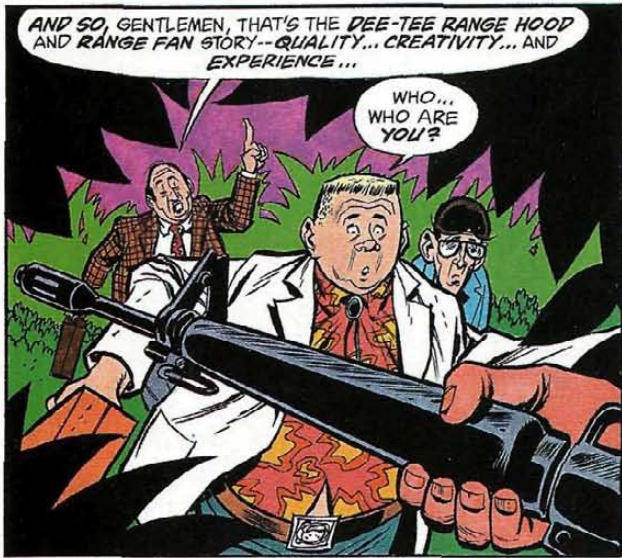




LOOK, THERE'S A RED AND YELLOW MONKEY BEING EATEN BY A HUGE BIRD. GET ME OUTTA HERE!

OOOOOH, GOD, I'M SICK.

THE DRIVER SAYS IT'S ABOUT A MILE, GUYS. HOW ABOUT A FINAL RUN-THROUGH WHILE WE WALK?



AND SO, GENTLEMEN, THAT'S THE DEE-TEE RANGE HOOD AND RANGE FAN STORY--QUALITY... CREATIVITY... AND EXPERIENCE ...

WHO... WHO ARE YOU?



WE ARE YOUR HOSTS, MY FRIENDS, AND ALSO YOUR KILLERS IF YOU MAKE A SINGLE MISTAKE.

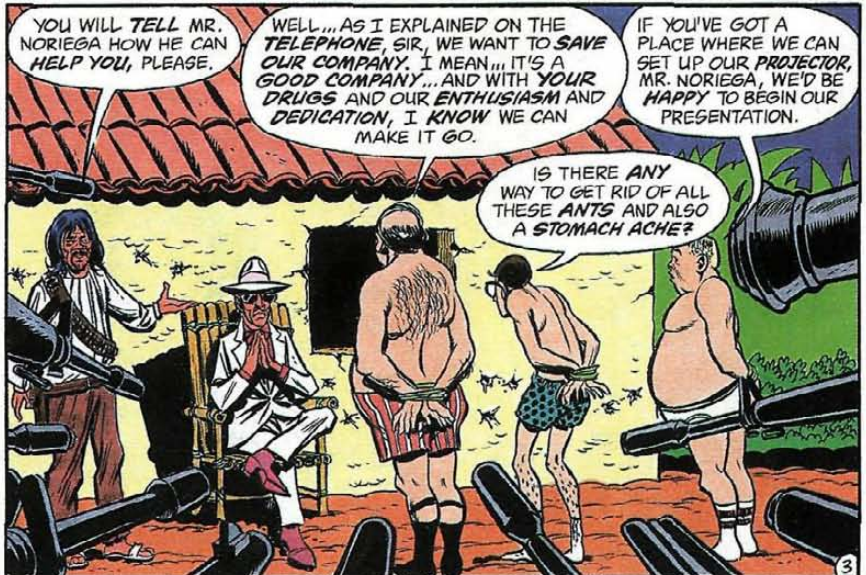
OH, NO PROBLEM. WE'VE GOT OUR PRESENTATION DOWN PAT... RIGHT, BILL? RIGHT, BOB?

RIGHT, YES. YES! RIGHT! QUALITY, CREATIVITY, AND EXPERIENCE!

STOP. I'M SICK.



NOW, IF YOU WILL KINDLY REMOVE YOUR CLOTHINGS, PLEASE.

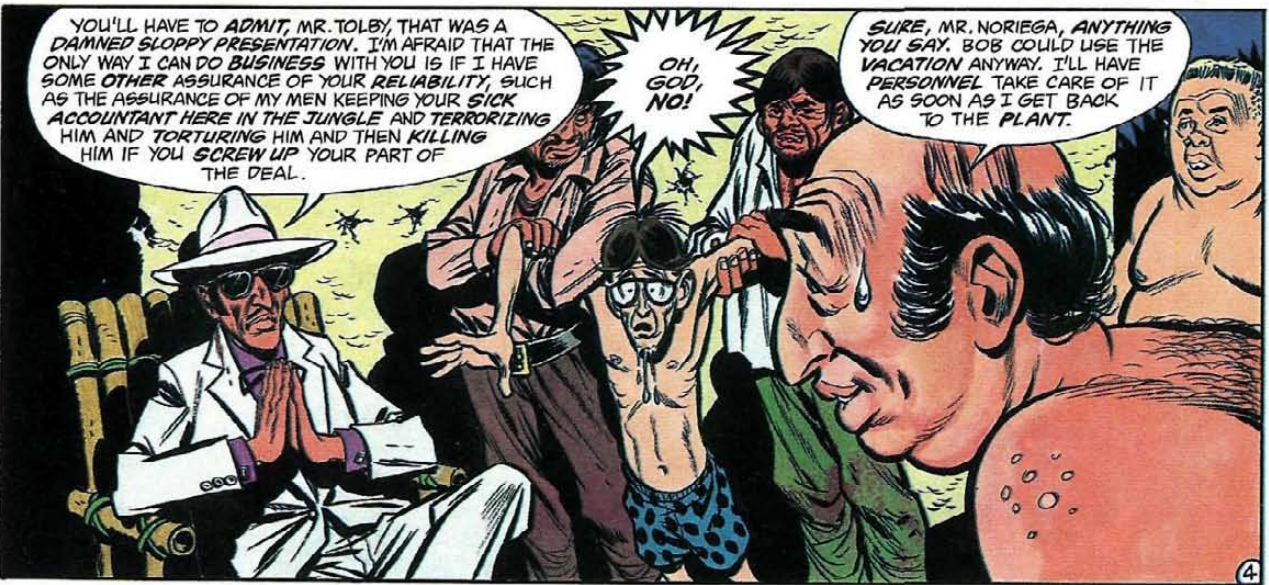
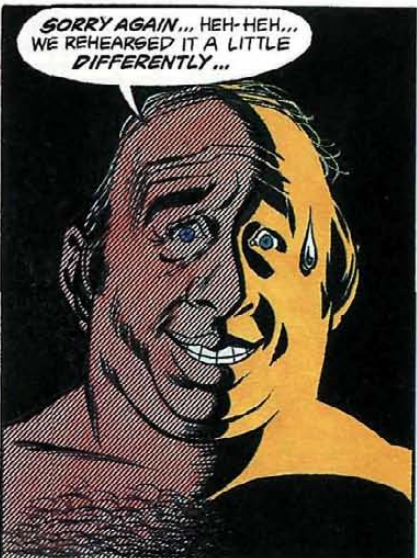
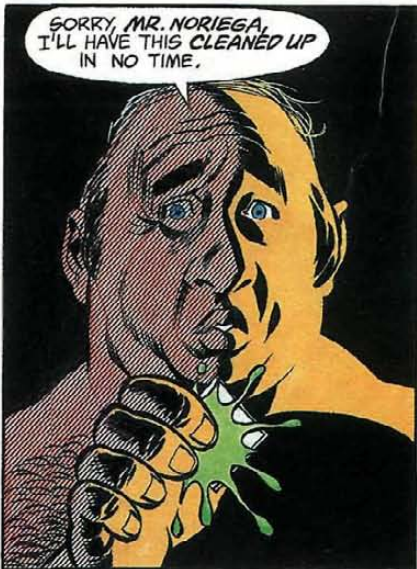
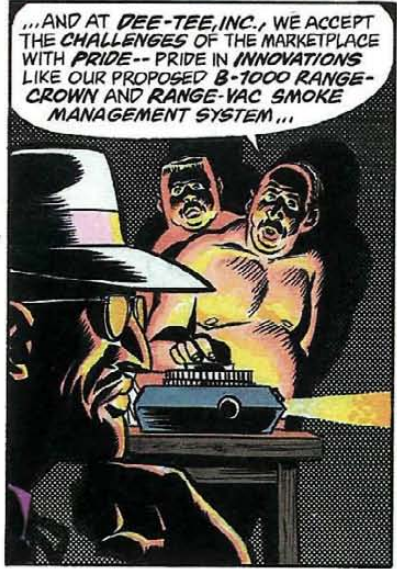


YOU WILL TELL MR. NORIEGA HOW HE CAN HELP YOU, PLEASE.

WELL... AS I EXPLAINED ON THE TELEPHONE SIR, WE WANT TO SAVE OUR COMPANY. I MEAN, IT'S A GOOD COMPANY... AND WITH YOUR DRUGS AND OUR ENTHUSIASM AND DEDICATION, I KNOW WE CAN MAKE IT GO.

IF YOU'VE GOT A PLACE WHERE WE CAN SET UP OUR PROJECTOR, MR. NORIEGA, WE'D BE HAPPY TO BEGIN OUR PRESENTATION.

IS THERE ANY WAY TO GET RID OF ALL THESE ANTS AND ALSO A STOMACH ACHE?



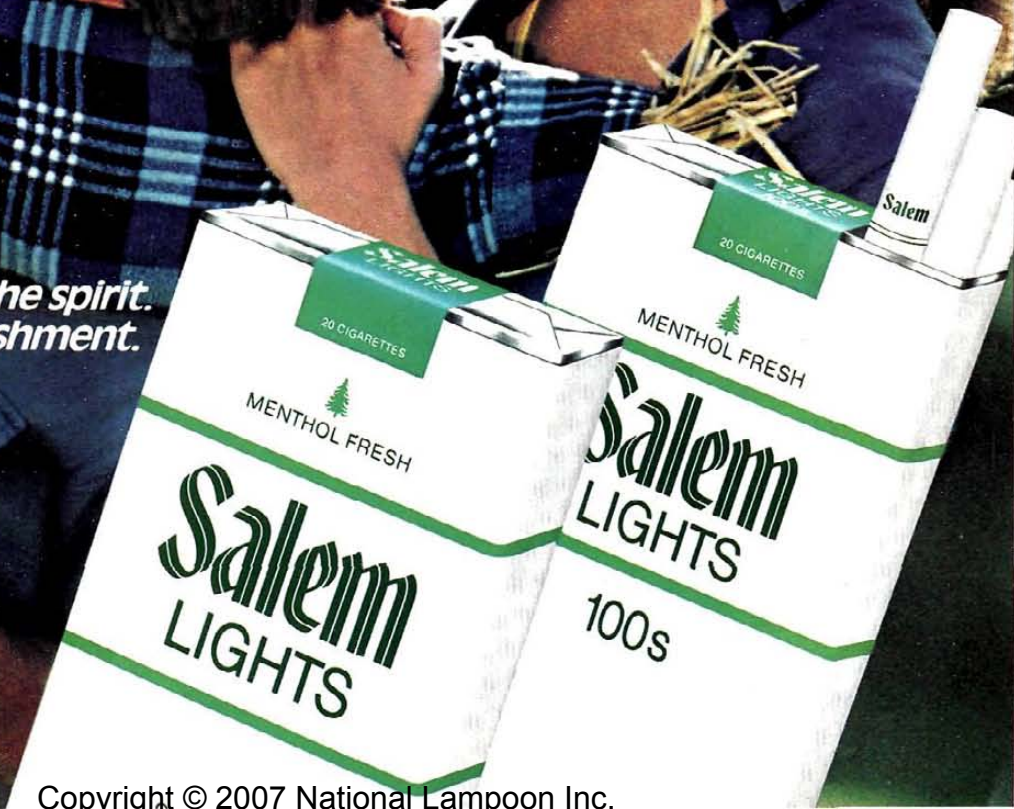
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Salem Spirit

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*



1-0-0-1 N-I-G-H-T-S

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

puissant Saudi-prince impetuousness which has the force of law, tell me what was the cause of your sudden return to health."

Thereupon the emir laid on him what he had seen and with these words: "When I beheld thy calamity and the treason of thy blond American wife and saw thy honor being metaphorically digested and repeatedly disgorged and consumed by camp dogs, I felt great. I mean I really felt outstanding, Prince, superior, you know, just a fantastic feeling."

When the prince of the house of Saud heard this he waxed exceeding wrathful and kept doing so until he was as wrathful as it is possible for a prince to possibly be (approximately twice as wrathful as an emir, five times as wrathful as a wazir, or seventy times as wrathful as you, given similar circumstances). Then a great oath escaped him, and the

manner of the oath was "Futter me right in the mouth!"

So the prince determined that he and the emir would leave the precincts of his dwelling and wander o'er the whole of Allah's earth until such time as they should find a greater man to whom a like calamity had occurred, and he concluded saying, "Because until we do we might as well be taking it up the nose."

And the emir spake, saying, "Speak for yourself, Prince." And seeing the prince's dark and tortured look and dagger spake again: "But I'm with you."

It was thus that the two companions in misfortune emerged from a portal of the prince's joint at dusk, and they did not stint their wayfaring by day or night until they reached a copse of razor grass at the edges of a pasture by the salt sea.

There they both sat down to rest, and did until they were awakened by a mighty uproar in the middle of the main, twin 110-horse merc engines pushing a speedboat from a mighty motor yacht anchored almost at the horizons edge.

And the prince and the emir were stricken with great fear, for they saw it contained arms dealer Adnan Kashoggi and a woman and a picnic basket, and they made haste exceedingly and hopped into the copse of razor grass.

And they saw Adnan Kashoggi, swart of complexion, broad of brow, pointed of nose, and black of blee, wade ashore, bearing on his head a picnic basket and nuzzled under his arm an assault rifle of unfamiliar make. And following him the woman. And he did set down the picnic basket next to the copse of razor grass wherein were concealed the noble pair. And he did open the basket with seven keys of graphite boron (a plastic stronger than steel and one-fifth the weight) and he and the woman did chow down and their chewing did drown the sound of the sea.

And the woman was as the poet El-Mutant Rabbi hath excellently said:

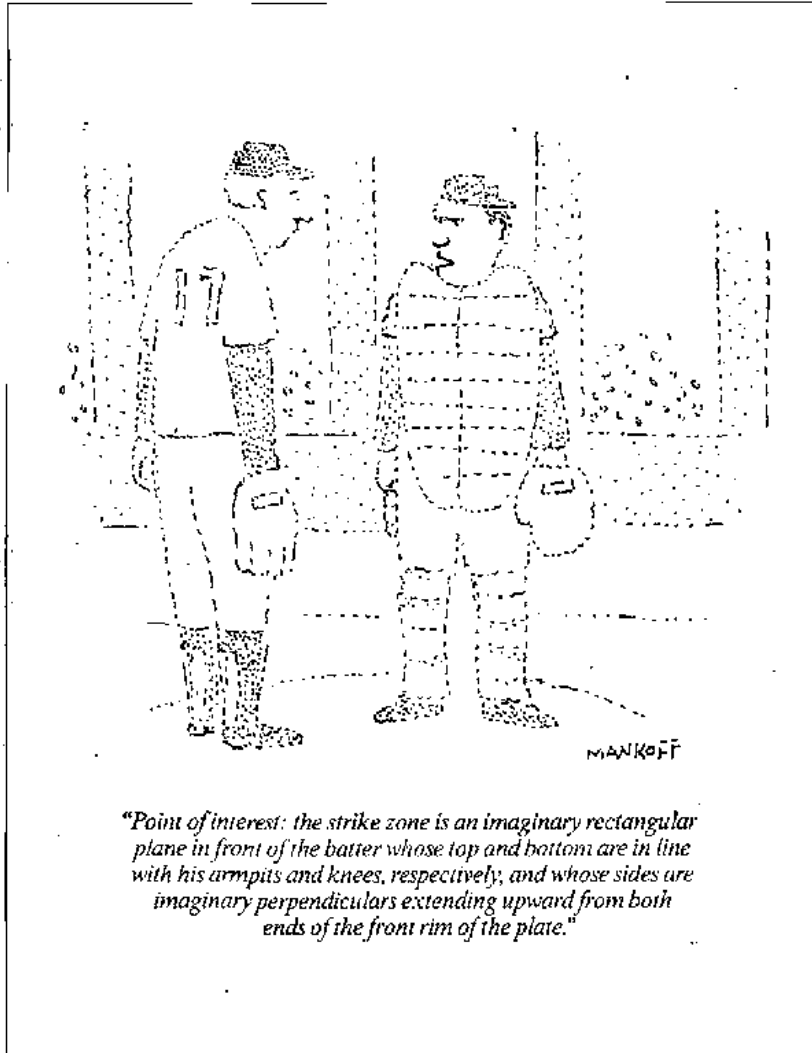
She was young and blond and—did I say young?
As ten poor men's daughters, half maddened with fun;
From the cleft of her breast a perfume arose.
A smell unlike others except that it got up your nose.
A nice piece of meat, if I say so myself:
Not at all like the goat haunch drawing flies on your shelf.

The arms dealer Kashoggi, seated beside the copse of razor grass, spake to her: "I have eaten several deals of Golden Malossol, enough to found a landing-ship-tank, and toast points, ten toaster-ovens full, and three bandoliers of lemons and an ammunition box of minced egg whites, and I lief would sleep off the scoff." And then he did lie himself down and commence snores and esophageal whistles and glottal enjambment.

Presently the girl, seeing that he was as well and as truly asleep as a side of beef on Thorazine, did raise up her eyes and in doing so saw the prince and the emir all a-cower in their place of concealment. "Come down you both, and fear nothing from this arms dealer." Both the prince of the Saudis and the emir were in a terrible fright and answered her thus: "Yipes no, do you think we are wanting our skins burned off by jellied gasoline of thy arms dealer, or to be chased by his sidwinding missiles or cloven in twain by his tumbling howling fêchette rifle-launched projectiles? Well, think thee again."

"Know ye not, O Princes, that my husband has friends in Hollywood, and numbered among them is producer Ray Stark? Doubt ye not that if ye come not down here to me at once producer

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)



"Point of interest: the strike zone is an imaginary rectangular plane in front of the batter whose top and bottom are in line with his armpits and knees, respectively, and whose sides are imaginary perpendiculars extending upward from both ends of the front rim of the plate."

APRIL 1983

\$2.00

THE Hotlantic

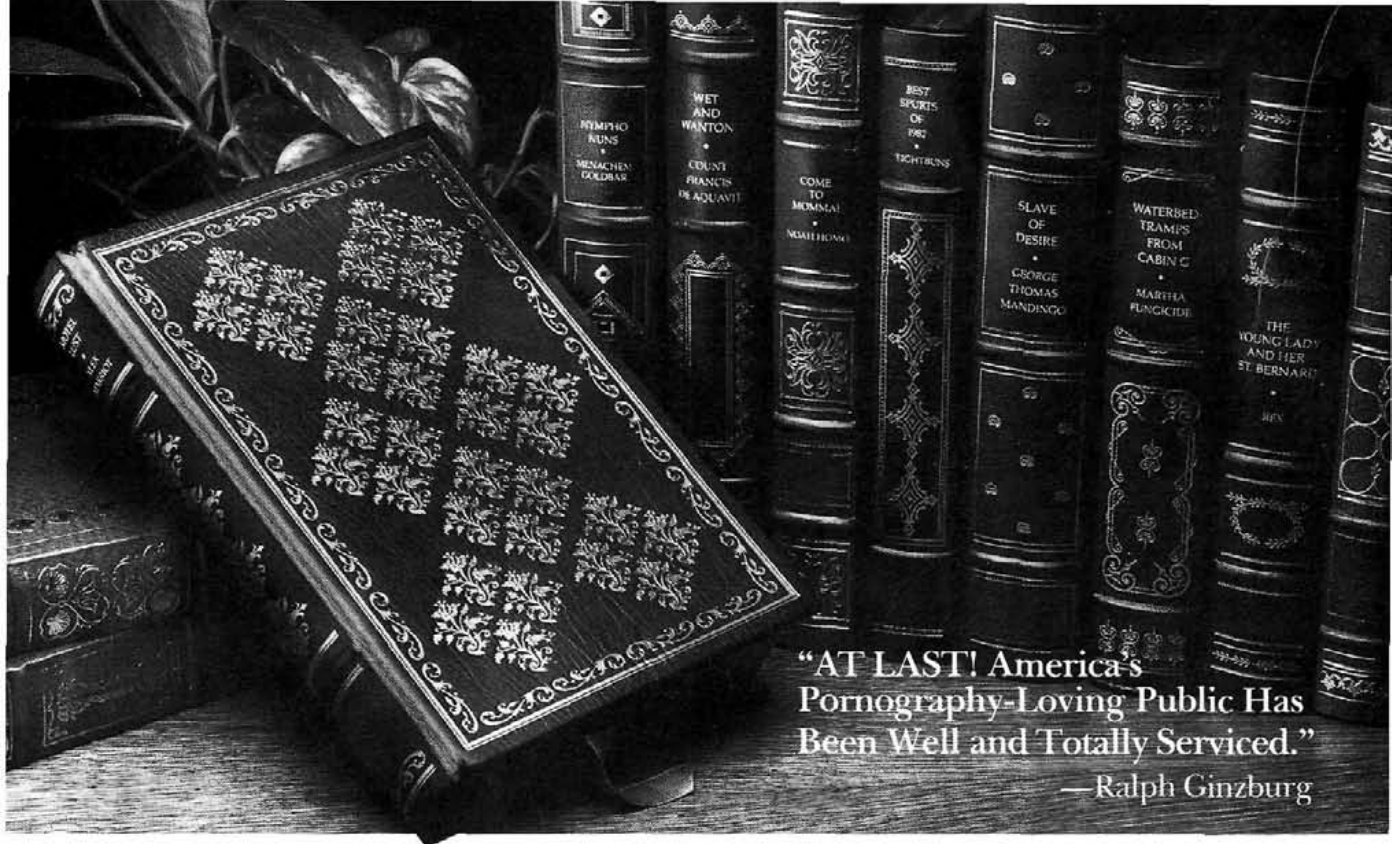
JAN MORRIS: *YOU CAN'T GO HOMO AGAIN* / JAMES DICKEY ON OLD DIRT ROADS

WHAT HAPPENED BEHIND THE WOODSHED

The reeducation of David Stockman

BY WILLIAM GREIDER





**"AT LAST! America's
Pornography-Loving Public Has
Been Well and Totally Serviced."
—Ralph Ginzburg**

Now, The Hotlantic's *Love Library*™ Preserves Forever America's Hottest Books

This thing happened to me the other night that has probably happened to you sometimes, too. I was in my library, and it was a quiet night at home, ya know what I mean? I'm lookin' for my old favorite book, *Inside Ora Love*. For the life of me, I can't find the book. Then I remember—years ago, I had lent this cherished and revered first edition to a close friend. When he finally gave it back, it had been turned into a veritable clot of spent desire. Silly me, I tossed it away.

A mint edition of this pornographic diary of a Swedish farm girl who becomes a chambermaid in a posh Midwestern men's club is now worth thousands of dollars. To add salt to the wound, I just don't have it around to get me hot.

You can imagine my thrust of joy when I learned that *The Hotlantic* magazine's editorial staff owned a copy of the original *Ora*. Not only that, but me and *The Hotlantic* are teaming up to produce a double-inserted effort to bring many more red-hot classics of true American pornography to your home, once a month, regular like clockwork.

This Is How You Like It, Right?

I'm talkin' *true* American porno, too. We're talkin' action. We're talkin' fast read. None of this grappling with complicated female characters, wrestling with moral choices, or pummeling through fifty pages of dense prose before someone gets slipped the meat. These books start off hot, then they sizzle and boil, and before you know it, they're baked and ready to eat.

None of This.



Lots of This.



No expense has been spared to produce these suckers. They're lambskin-bound, using the same material that makes the high-priced condoms so special. And ribbed spines. And stain-resistant paper.

And look at these pictures! None of that fuzzy-focus hocus-pocus. We're talkin' real art here. Babes that been drawn so good, they're liable to leap off the page and right onto your lap.

Special Offer—Cum One, Cum All

This once-in-a-lifetime introductory offer brings you four American smut classics. You get *Motel Lust*, *Slave to Desire*, *Waterbed Tramps from Cabin G*, and a special collection of short fiction edited especially for *The Hotlantic's Love Library*,™ *Best Sports of 1982*.

So order now, before you rush off and forget yourself all over the place.

The Love Library™

The Hotlantic
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, Ralph, I want to know the sound of one hand reading. Send me the introductory offer, for \$1 plus postage and handling, and then when it's my time of the month, send me another one that I'll pay you \$15 for.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Credit Card # _____

Check here if you wish your selections mailed in our discreet "American Businessman's Library" package.

THE Hotlantic

A NOTE FROM THE CHAIRMAN

"The best sex is in your head.
Or maybe wrapped around it."

—Folk saying

OVER A YEAR AGO, when I purchased *The Atlantic*, people told me I was crazy. Readership was down, ad revenue was flagging—there appeared to be no future for this old dame.

But people have called me crazy for buying crumbling tenements, and I've always made money from those. How could this be different?

Over the past year, my editors and I have attempted to fill these pages with the true concerns of learned, sophisticated intellectuals all over America. Judging from our circulation, we've failed. My accountants recently informed me that, should the magazine not show a profit in the next few months, we'll be moving Puerto Rican families into the ad department.

Well, there's one thing that we *know* you are concerned about—sex. So we're going to give it to you, in one last steaming burst of editorial genius.

In the future, you'll be reading new classics in erotic literature. We'll be featuring Jack Henry Abbott's book about his summer internship with Norman Mailer, *In the Buttocks of the Beast*. You'll see an excerpt from Elia Kazan's new novel, a tale of coming of age in Greece, *Back Door Bouzouki*. And finally, in a humor mode, we'll have Calvin Trillin's latest opus on the search for satiety, *Alice, Let's Fuck*.

So what are you waiting for? That thing rising up in your lap is a subscription card. Fill it out, and watch the old dame finally come to life.

Mort B. Zuckenberg

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE HEAD OF THE CLASS

I never thought that the kinds of things I have read about in your letters would ever come true, despite the rhetorical coherence and deep thematic unity that link them within a recognizable oeuvre.

But something happened to me last winter that has changed my life. My aunt Peg lives in northern Minnesota—Bimini, to be exact, and teaches at a small liberal arts college there. I was in my senior year of high school then, and having no luck getting into a good college for next year. That was until my parents suggested that I go up to see Aunt Peg and see what she could do.

Now, to begin with, Aunt Peg is single, and has an absolutely terrific body. But that's nothing compared to her mind. I mean, who could compare a pair of thirty-eight-inch tits with enormous brown areolas and nipples that seem always erect and at the ready with her seamless logic, mental discipline, and overall cultural sensibility? Not me!

Peg met me at the door on a Friday evening, after I had been on the bus for almost fourteen hours. She asked if I was hot and sweaty and needed a bath. I replied, "Of course," so she licked me off right there—every inch of me. We were naked and on the floor of her little cabin in the woods in no time. I returned her favors, and soon we were locked in passionate embrace.

Peg loves my thick cock, or at least she says she does, and takes it any way she can get it. Of course, I love every part of her, and probe her love box with my sex-thickened tongue all day long. But that's nothing compared to the intellectual intercourse we engage in.

We spent that whole weekend locked up in her cabin, except for the few hours it took for her to ram my application through the admissions office.

Now I'm going to school up here, and Aunt Peg and I spend many, many long hours together. But I'm not neglecting the classic balance between mental and physical activity. Every morning when Aunt Peg wakes me up (I live with her to save on room and board), she takes me in her mouth and sucks me till I'm hard and

ready. Then she climbs on top and lowers her thirsty twat onto me. While we're fucking away, she quizzes me on the cornerstones of Modern Thought. This morning, just before we both came in a thunderous orgasm, we were talking about Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian Wars*.

Believe me, I know lots of college guys read your magazine, but I've got the best roommate of all.

NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD

HARSH WORDS

I must admit I am not a fan of your magazine or of your "Letters" column. It doesn't take a Marie Curie to realize that these so-called "letters" are the work of some perverse ex-speechwriting hack. Frankly, if my husband didn't bring the magazine home I would have no reason to see it or read it. But occasionally while cleaning, I'll find an issue hidden between the cushions of the couch or in my husband's workshop, and I'll read one or two of the "letters" and try to convince my husband that they are phony.

Rarely do I finger myself, but for some reason, when I heard my husband attempt to justify and defend your magazine and its neo-conservative reactionary humanitarianism, my fingers, three of them now, were driven deep into the recesses of my cumpot. I berated him (I'll call him Walter) for being an ideological faggot and felt my nipples harden. I called him an infantile bed-wetting vacillator on nuclear arms and felt my asshole pucker into the sweetest little "o." And when I finally reduced the little nipplehead to tears by grabbing his tiny MX and threatening to show him what the "dense pack" strategy was really about, I had the most ecstatic wince of multiple orgasmic pleasure in my life.

I still consider your magazine to be a piece of idiot, seamy half-truths, but now I subscribe to it and force Walter to read every bit of it while I give him (and my little wet crack) a lesson in the realpolitik of a post-depression economy.

—NAME WITHHELD BECAUSE
SHE WASN'T SURE OF THE SPELLING



BITCHING & MOANING

LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA BLOW

*Say what you will about
the guy, John De Lorean had some
pretty big problems*



IN THE GOLDEN LAND, where love and wealth and lifestyle are the Ur poetry of a nation's secret destiny, it is important to have a good set of nerves. John De Lorean had that when he struck out into the wild whipping winds of California Blow, risking fortune and men's noses for a poor boy's illicit dream of euphoria.

There were no more hundred-dollar bills the night De Lorean confronted the red worms crawling just underneath his Palm Springs tan. The money was deathlike and the worms were demanding to be movie stars. Nothing left but to hit the endless symphony of freeways on the restless wheels that had been his downfall. In driving, in automobiles, he would find sanctity, or perhaps the treasured dust of another binge lounging between the vinyl seats, vinyl from the golden land itself.

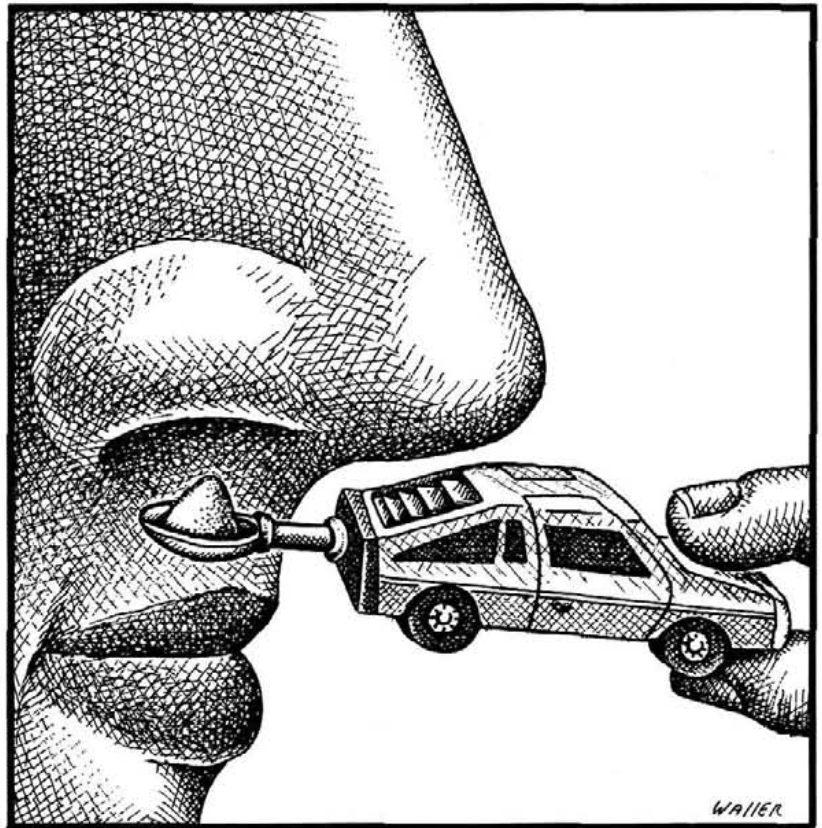
De Lorean was not disturbed by one thing. He did not need to think of primal, almost physical urges which had once been his delight. No, these lay in the background of his mind, mere arid foothills in the golden land where California Blow was the sunset and the sunrise and the mountain toward which all pavements slouched. Looking down at his faded love, his young man's fancy which had turned, though not lightly, to no thoughts at all, De Lorean tried to force

himself to muse. There was the incomprehensible night when he had learned that some men part with currency to relieve themselves in some dank hotel room, far from the golden land. But the Blow, the gunpowder of a thousand marching Colombians and illegal Colombian aliens, kept De Lorean's thoughts from affecting the size or the scope of his faded love. De Lorean tried furtive ruminations about the Ice Princess herself, a butcher's daughter from the crystal bowels of the golden land, a maiden of freeways and sunlit malls and

endless galaxies of tract housing.

But not even that could retrieve De Lorean's faded love from its uncircumcised shelter. And for this De Lorean was grateful. As he plowed and tilled the freeways with the machine that had been his downfall, he found he could concentrate on only one thing. And this thing was part of America itself, part of General Motors, and part of the Midwest. It was the festival of desire sown into the lawns of the golden land itself. It was "More."

—Joan Didion



WALLER

NEW YORK
MCCARTHY
 VS.
HELLMAN

*Mud wrestling and wet T-shirts
 settle the score between the living legend
 and the Catholic curmudgeon*



THEY WERE SICK AND TIRED of bandying words about in the intellectual and pseudo-intellectual journals about their respective inadequacies as writers and human beings. Lillian Hellman and Mary McCarthy decided to settle their bitter argument once and for all, the way all bitter arguments should be settled—in a fight. Being lusty, hard-drinking females, they decided to mud-wrestle each other naked, in Madison Square Garden. No expenses were spared. It would be judged like a championship prizefight. After much negotiation, they agreed on Norman Mailer as the referee, with Arthur Miller and Woody Allen as the judges. The bout would go fifteen rounds. The winner would be entitled to a public apology from the loser, which would be televised by the public TV station in the New York area. All litigation monies would be waived.

The ladies expected a sellout crowd, but no more than a few hundred people attended. No matter, the literary glitterati were well represented, from Joyce Carol and John Oates to Faith and James Baldwin.

The Garden ring was packed with mud imported from the spas of Baden-Baden. Hellman strode into the ring wearing her free mink coat. McCarthy wore a plain wool number bought off the rack at Loehmann's, a discount store in the Bronx.

From round one it was obvious that neither woman knew how to wrestle, much less wrestle in huge gobs of pedigreed mud. McCarthy had the size and weight on Hellman and used it to best advantage by sitting on the frail, coughing, wrinkled old woman, who was soon gasping for breath, begging for a cigarette. Mailer, the referee, declared the match uneven unless a new method was devised for the fight. Woody Allen came up with the idea of "throwing the book" at each other. The ladies could load up a

sack with copies of their own books and then try to hit each other with them. This proved inconclusive, and the crowd grew bored with the action, or lack of it.

The attention span of the literary glitterati can be just as short as that of a high-fashion model on Quaaludes, and soon the heckling grew louder. "Screw the Irish!" vied with "Put the little prune out of her misery!" Finally, Norman Mailer put a stop to the bout, declaring it "no contest," and named himself the real winner. As the disappointed crowd left for more urgent matters, the distinguished author Jerzy Kosinski summed up the evening for everyone. "Who gives a shit?" he said. "I didn't hear a single decent concept that I could use for a new novel. I've heard better conversation from Oscar de la Renta's servants."

—John Irving

BOSTON
REMEMBERING
IKE

*Eisenhower's biographer
 reveals the stupid oaf beneath
 the clumsy exterior*



ROBERT CARO-SYRUP, author of a new biography of General Dwight David Eisenhower entitled *Eisenhower: The Slow Burn to Power*,

visited our offices shortly after dropping the freshly minted manuscript at his publishers. Over coffee and cigarettes, he proffered a few insights into the man and the myth.

"Eisenhower was indeed the clumsy, slow, stupid oaf that many people perceived him to be," Robert told us. "But under that clumsy, stupid exterior lay a network of cells, organs, muscle tissue, and neurological fibers that made his arms and legs move when his brain thought about moving them.

"People in Abilene still recall how Ike demonstrated as a child the qualities of friendship, humility, persistence, and optimism that would later make him a great leader of men." At this, the editors smiled, amazed that any human being could talk in such long sentences.

"Ike's high school math teacher recalls a day when he sent the young Dwight to the blackboard to solve a complex problem. Eisenhower stared at the board for what seemed an eternity. Soon it became apparent that he was unable even to begin solving the problem. Behind him, classmates began to make embarrassing sounds. At one point, one of his friends yelled, 'Whatsamatter, Eisenhower, you stupid or what?'

"I may be stupid," Eisenhower replied in his winning way, 'but you are a stupid fucking cunt.'"

In another instance, as related to us by Mr. Caro-Syrup, Eisenhower was the butt of a (continued on page 162)



ERATO

Another poem about poetry
 of course, of (college) course;
 ironic and anemic, yet
 infused with that green force

Dylan described (and died of);
 however far the fetch,
 however brown the study,
 or dry—all dust is flesh.

Some genre of love pome, lover
 (as fever feels like chill),
 and love will last (if lust's long lost)
 and be a labor still.

Allusions drop like raddled socks,
 our tongues untie like shoes;
 we lay our meager heat upon
 the pallid plaster Muse.

—Seymour O'Haire

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLID FOOD

BY GABRIEL GARCÍA COJÓNES Y PELOTAS

MANY WEEKS LATER, AS HE FACED HIS THIRD FIERY *jaloapeño* plate of the evening, Colonel Arealguano Jiez remembered that distant weekend when his father had taken him to see the solid wall of shit. That was long before the spiced Lobo Burgers with Spanish noodles or the stale hot-water chili cornbread sprinkled with chopped pork rinds and pig guts. It was much earlier in the evening, in fact, before the garbanzo beans, each stuffed with avocado and pressed into an exquisite mold that resembled Our Lady of Hope on the very day of her passing.

Arealguano had sat there stuffed like the very garbanzo beans he had just devoured, patting his stomach like the prehistoric egg of a time before the time when times were less like the time that it was at that very moment. He moaned and turned to his snoring father, Areachingada, and proclaimed, "Food has a life of its own," and unwillingly expelled a vast turbulent bubble of gaseous excrementation that proved to be a lethal mixture of *jicama* sauce, *chilaquiles*, and essence of cheddar cheese spiced with *pinolo* nuts. The odious transparent presence hung like the sound of a church bell in the air and refused to fade. The walloped Pelotitas, half-nephew to Arealguano due to an illicit twilight excursion by his whore of a sister, Remedial the Reader, who tore at her own leathery loins as if they were the tough unchewable pepper steak that now sat steaming before Arealguano, even the near-mongoloid Pelotitas couldn't help but react. Soon Areachingada and Pelotitas began to slowly hyperventilate in a spasmodic, often rhythmic litany that made Arealguano remember the very moment of his own birth when the midwife ruthlessly parted the living curtains of his mother's womb. Suddenly surging with embryonic indignity, the colonel miraculously consumed the lively plate of sinewy pepper steak and marveled at his seemingly endless capacity to consume solid food.

Solid food, that unbridled miracle of the biosphere introduced to the dust-bitten village of Ongoldenpondo by the gypsies who taught the villagers the value of eating the root of the licorice tree and smearing the black root about their bodies as an aphrodisiac that monstrously increased the population of the tiny village and gave birth to a cursed wave of deformed babies ruled by their sweet teeth, all the result of the young boys of the town, driven by licorice and their own desires to crawl again and again into the beds of their mothers, fucking them like a machine never requiring lubrication, grinding on into eternity until the axle breaks and fucking is a thing of the past when the time to fuck and the fucking time was beyond anything anyone gave a fuck about.

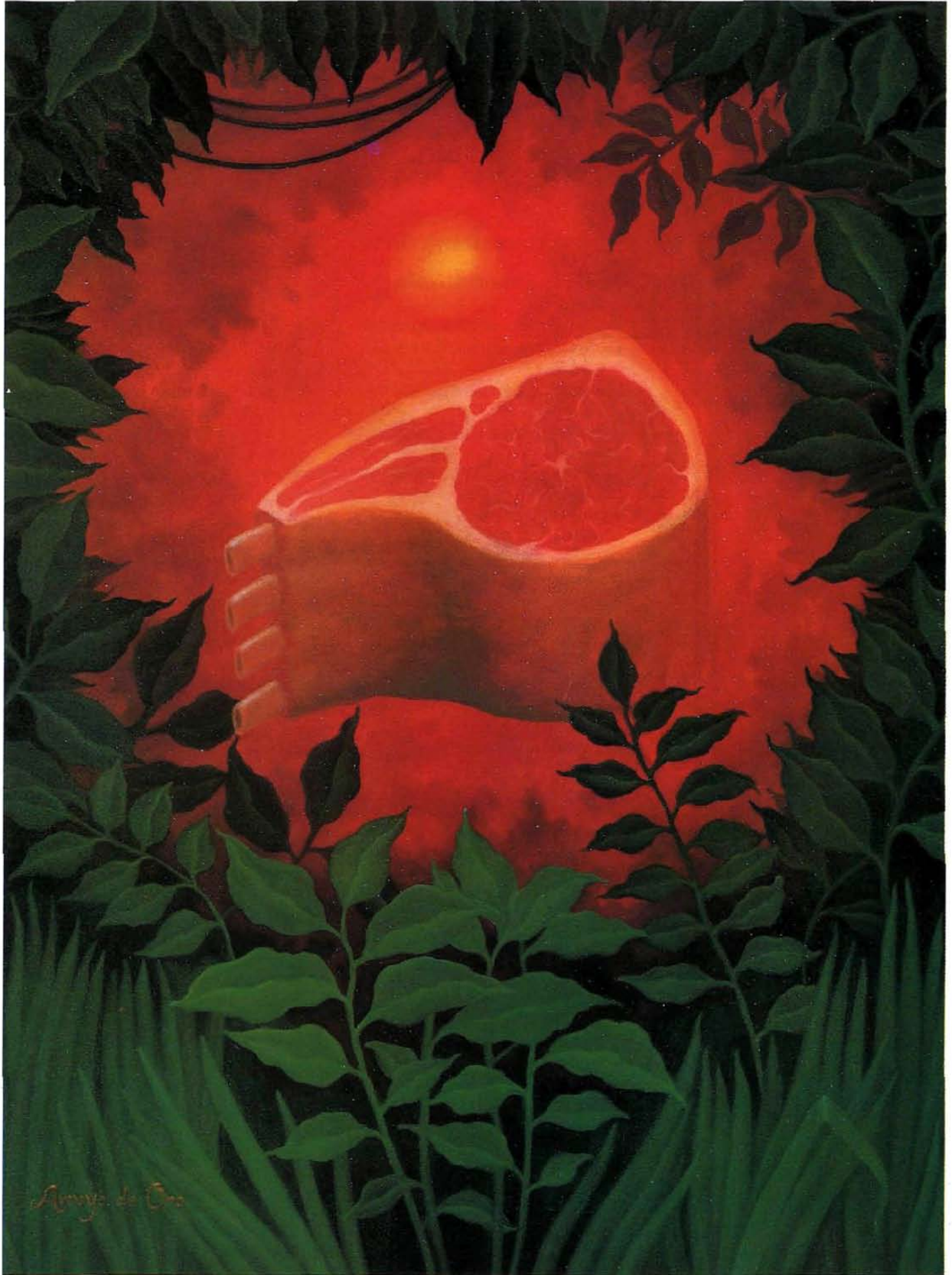
The gypsies in all their crooked wisdom had changed the very nature of Ongoldenpondo by introducing the idea of solid food, which seemed to the colonel's father's father, Areal-

enchilada Jiez, the crucial miraculous event that not only drew the village away from its obsessions with liquefaction and primordial ooze, but also freed them from the Osterizer, the Cuisinart, and the primitive manual juicer.

Certainly solid food required the use of other, more magical gypsy inventions, which was perhaps their true motive in enticing the villagers with this revolutionary discovery. In those early days before things had names and the naming of things was not the thing to do unless the naming of the thing was in fact a name—which gave birth to the ancient art of "naming names"—in that predawn chronology, hot coals and the fiery spit were mere prodigious legends to Arealenchilada and his family. When the gypsy leader Milquewez presented them with the gift of the first microwave in the New World, young Arealguano was beside himself in a real way.

Still, as Arealguano paused to think of the gloomy past that enveloped him now in a sad aura that not even the keys of Nostradamus could have dispelled, he was forced to contemplate the orb of odor that continued to suspend itself mysteriously above him like a falling rock arrested in mid-descent by magic. Instead of weakening, the cloud seemed to gain in intensity and slowly gather a more solid presence. Areachingada and Pelotitas lay prone, having long before succumbed to the soft devastation of the perfume of beefy *carne adobada* intermingled with the virile juice of mixed-fruit guava, now faded from Arealguano's still-vibrating entrails. Like his teacher Primo Secundo, whose encyclopedic cures for anorexia proved to be a mere justification for his disturbing compulsion to play with the upchuck of young colts; like the idiot Legolambo, who piled boxes within boxes only to sit in the smallest one and shit; like Areachingada and his unceasing, fruitless desire to cultivate facial hair upon every part of his face, including his eyes and lips; and like Milquewez with his patient and faultless translations of prophetic recipes of a previous race concerned only with the labyrinthine preparation of the ritual of solid food, Arealguano soon realized that the weeks of miraculous consumption, the scores of Tía Maria beans, the *tula remi* sprinkled with hot flaky *cilantro*, the endless luscious plates of gringo *sopaipillas*, and even the cruel green *pozole*, better known as Guatemala's revenge, had to be balanced in an eternal quest for biological redistribution with an equally terrible excess. "I haven't had a shit in weeks," Arealguano proclaimed, remembering the words of his wife's dead great-great-great-grandmother, Crapolita, one of the first, really great great-great-great-grandmothers from the early days, who kept all her belongings in jars, including the plaque from her teeth, her gray hairs, and her diarrhetic excesses. He shuddered in disenchantment, impatient to know his own origin, suffering the same confoundment, only in reverse. (continued on page 258)

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GOLDSTROM



Arroyo de Oro

DIRTY DITTIES

OR

Your Friends Won't Put a Smiling Face on a Dead Horse

BY ROY BLUNT, JR.



ODE TO THE DIRTY DITTY

We've heard all the ditties about
bestiality,
Homo-, hetero-, and other sexualities.
There's ditties galore on the acts of
l'amour,
Of slamming and bamming and then out
the door.
Our voices raise high for the girl in the
clover,
We do her once more and then roll her
over.
We sing out the ditties concerning
fellatio,
Cunnilingus, anilingus, and the old
masturbati-o.
Now a ditty won't enlighten, it surely
won't teach,
And love's deepest lessons it leaves out of
reach.
There's just one thing for certain, and it
seems kind of shitty.
We're all up to our titties in these dirty
ditties.

I MEAN, WHO NEEDS them? In the
great attics of our brains, we could
all use a cleaning out when it comes to
these misguided missiles in the war be-
tween the sexes.

Sure, I've spent my required time as
an ogling, slaving, knee-slapping male
chauvinist pig, singing about Lupe the
Mexican and the king of England. And
where has it gotten me? I still don't un-
derstand the fine art of love, sex, and ro-
mance. (Although it strikes me that my
first problem may be linking the three.)

I didn't even want to write about dirty
ditties to begin with. But I'm a sucker
for a hot lunch. Put food in front of me,
and I'll do practically anything for you—a
fact that may someday make me a likely
subject for my own dirty ditty.

I had come up to the *Hotlantic* offices
to drop off my monthly column. Unfor-
tunately, no one had informed me of the
momentous changes in editorial policy
on the magazine. I had brought in a real

doozy of a column about training house-
hold pets to capture household pests.
I'll have to sell it somewhere else now.

But the editors took me to lunch and
suggested that, since my name is linked
with the best of light verse, I could come
up with another column in the wink of
an eye. I went to work. It's an awful col-
umn, and I won't bore you with it.

I'll just say this—no one ever learned
anything worthwhile from a dirty ditty.
They're full of ignorance, lies, and
misinformation.

There.

I propose taking another leaf from the
Japanese notebook that seems to be leav-
ing things all over our culture these
days—let's start writing smutty haikus.
They're simple to make up, easy to re-
member, and tend to lead one to far
greater insight.

Rules of the game: Haikus relate the
poet's impressions of a natural object or
scene in exactly seventeen syllables. If
you want to be a purist, the poem should
be constructed in units of 5/7/5 syl-
lables. But this is America, so what the
hell.

Just to get you all started, I've come up
with a few. Please feel free to send me
your own works, and I will feel free to
run them. It's obvious that I won't have
much better luck given the shift in edi-
torial policy at this magazine.

LENNY'S HAIKU

You're in me oh my
god you are really in me
please don't come in me

THE PICKUP

Her face is like thick
clam sauce drowning thin pasta
i'll still go with her

AFTERGLOW

The leaf newly fallen,
face to the sun, asks
"Was it good for you, too?"



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES WALLER

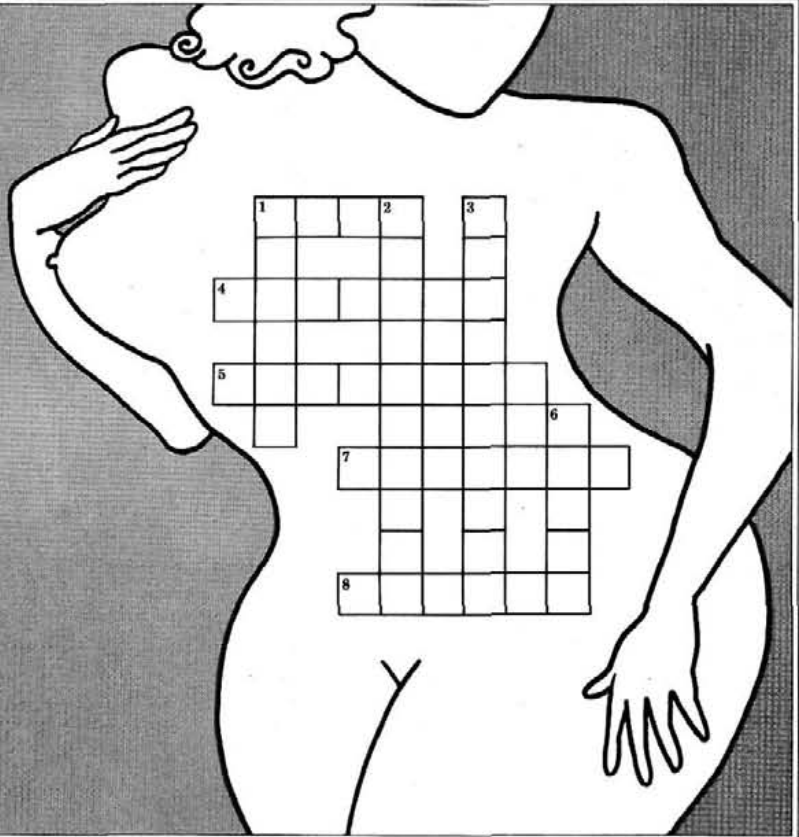
THE HOTLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILE COCQUE AND HENRI RAVE-ON

T&A

This month's puzzle breaks tradition a little, mainly because we've been asked to keep the number of clues to less than ten and "add a little spice" to the answers. Plus our publisher took it upon himself to design the puzzle, mumbling something about "fancy-shmancy highbrow two-tone grids."

Answers include quite a few common-usage colloquialisms that won't be found in any respectable dictionary. As always, punctuation is used deceptively, but it really doesn't matter anymore, because you can probably just think up all the dirty words you know and fit them in here somewhere. We've never been treated so shabbily in our lives.



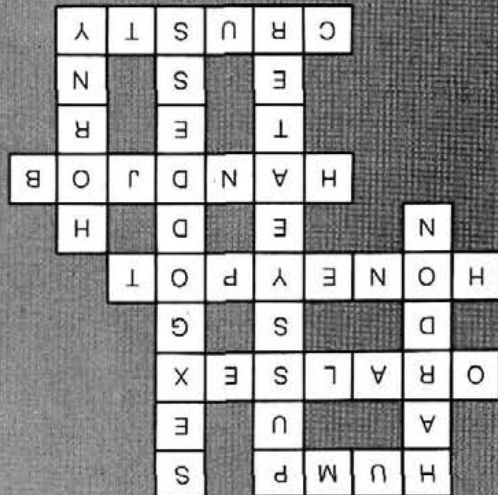
ACROSS

1. Within every ho-hum party, a good fuck (4)
4. Lear's ox insanely going down (4,3)
5. Broken toy phone for joy-hole (5,3)
7. Masturbation aid with work (7)
8. Pauling's vitamin, oxidized, is like sheets after a gang-bang (6)

DOWN

1. Wildly cheer Godfather—he has erection! (6) (hyphenated)
2. Spy Sue, tear crazily into muff-dive expert (5,5)
3. For Bo Derek, Southern 10, dogs' seed spurting (3,7)
6. Inside Matterhorn, you'll want to get laid (5)

Who needs this month's solution next month? Get what you need now!



Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know many obscenities. For a complete list of steaming, throbbing words guaranteed to get you hot, write to The Hotlantic Sexicon, Times Square, New York, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped, plain brown envelope.

TED TURNER'S

TAX TIPS

BY JOSEPH LEVI-PAULIN

I WANT TO START RIGHT OFF BY saying that if you've already filed your tax return this year, I can't help you. I probably couldn't have helped you anyway, because a guy who files his tax return early is a guy with an attitude I can't fix. Why are you in such a hellfire rush to give the government your money, anyway? And if you filed for a refund, what the hell were you doing asking Uncle Sam to hold on to your hard-earned cash all this time?

But if you're just a little guy, the guy who struggles to get by on a paycheck, who has his problems making ends meet, then I can help you.

I know what you're thinking. "Ted, you're a multimillionaire. What possible advice could you have for a guy who makes less in a year than you spend on rudder repairs?"

Steps for Preparing Your Return

Step 1
Get all of your income records together. These include any 1099s, W-2s, 1042s, and so on. If you don't have them, you may need to contact the issuer. You may also find some of the information you need more details.

Step 2
If you think you will need any other forms, get them before you start to do your return. You may need to file for a refund or a credit. You may also need to file for a refund or a credit. You may also need to file for a refund or a credit.

Step 3
Use the mailing label from the forms booklet we send you and make sure it is correct. If it isn't, mark through it and correct it on the label. Show your account number if you have one. Use of the card helps us identify your account, saves processing time, and speeds refunds.

Step 4
If the title is for a joint return and the social security numbers are not listed in the same order as the first names, show the numbers in the correct order. To mail attach your label to your return envelope.

Step 5
If you have a social security number, you should have it on the label. If you have a social security number, you should have it on the label. If you have a social security number, you should have it on the label.

If you think you will need any other forms, get them before you start to do your return. You may need to file for a refund or a credit. You may also need to file for a refund or a credit. You may also need to file for a refund or a credit.

Step 6
Name change. If you have changed your name because of marriage, divorce, etc., make sure you immediately notify the Social Security Administration (SSA) so the SSA can update its records. The SSA may request a copy of your marriage certificate or other proof of your name change. If you are filing a joint return, show the social security numbers in the same order that you show your first names. If you are filing a joint return and have different last names, please include the name with an "and." For example: "John Brown and Mary Smith." The letters in the upper right corner list the SSA's name change procedures.

Step 7
Presidential Election Campaign Fund. The fund was established by Congress to support public financing of presidential election campaigns. You may have \$1 on the fund by both of you may choose \$1 to \$10. One may choose to have \$1 on the fund and the other may choose not to. If you check Yes, it will not change the tax or refund shown on your return. Or, if you check No, it will change the tax or refund shown on your return.

Step 8
Status. Single or Married? If you are single, you should check Single. If you are married, you should check Married. If you are married and filing jointly, you should check Joint. If you are married and filing separately, you should check Separate.



Who you gonna believe? Them or me? Let me steer you right, and you'll be a richer man come April 15.

TED TURNER: FROM "MR. MONEY- BAGS" TO "WAGE SLAVE"



Guess how much I earn in a year? Guess again. Guess again. Nope, wrong again. C'mon, try harder....

deductions they could milk out of these businesses, and all they had to do was hire me as President in Charge of Everything. Every year they pay me a small salary, give me an enormous expense account that covers all of my living expenses, and put half of the profits in a little sock somewhere for me to pick up when I get some politicians to put better loopholes in the capital gains tax.

WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR, ANYWAY?

NOW, I'M NOT SAYING THAT you can do that kind of thing yourself. Hell, you're nowhere near as rich as I am, so don't even bother thinking

WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT I make only \$18,500 a year? Well, it's true. Thanks to a simple system devised by me and implemented by me (over the objections of a whole bunch of nitwits I call my accountants), I have been filing the short form for the past three years, based on a total income for those past three years of \$55,500! That's right. I probably make less money every year than you do. What's more, I haven't been audited. Now do you believe me when I tell you that I can help you with your taxes? That's better.

Back in 1979, when I was a multimillionaire entrepreneur, it took an entire phalanx of highly paid tax lawyers and accountants three months of grueling work to prepare my tax returns. And after all that, I still ended up paying the government money. That didn't seem right to me.

Here's what I decided to do. I began by leasing all of my companies to big conglomerates, for the price of one dollar a year. The conglomerates got to take all the depreciation allowances and

about it. What I *am* saying is that, in this country, when you're a wage slave and a working stiff, you're just carion for the government vultures to pick over. You're

fume-soaked love note that reads "Hey, lover, investigate this bozo and get a bonus and a promotion. Love, Velma." Forget it. Second, before you sit

TED'S TIP # 57. If you go to court because the government thinks you've cheated them, don't mention my name or this column. I don't need the aggravation, and I'll deny everything.

probably working as hard to support the parasites in the government as you are to support your good family.

I think it was Charlemagne who once said something about winning. I could have one of my assistants



With monkeys like this on your back, you'll never get ahead.

look it up, but why bother? It was something like, if you come in from left field when the pitcher's not looking, you can steal a lot of bases. The same thing goes for taxes.

TIPS ANYONE CAN USE

SO NOW THAT YOU KNOW you can trust me, let's get on to the business at hand—preparing your tax return.

First thing: Never, ever use one of those sleazy tax-preparing services. When those guys sign the bottom of your form, it's like attaching a per-

down to do your taxes, take an attitude check. Walk across the room from your desk, your table, wherever you have your paperwork laid out. Take a good look. Ask yourself: Is this a bright throne of power, or a dark corner of weakness? Am I going to treat myself right, or let the government screw me over?

Once you've decided who's the boss here—and it *better* be you—then you can ask yourself another series of important questions. Is the lighting right? Is your chair the proper height? Is everything neat and properly stacked? Are your pencils sharpened? Do you have to go to the bathroom? Remember, nothing creates more suspicion in the eyes of the IRS than a sloppy return, and nothing makes for a sloppier return than trying to finish it before you dash off to the bathroom.

Third thing: Contrary to all of the popular myths and notions, there *is* an optimum time to file your returns. Big honcho New York accountants with enormous stomachs know this, although you have to pay them a fortune to find out. Just because I hate those New York bastards, I'll tell you what they told me: Drop your return in the mail, at a federal post office, at 12:37 P.M. on April 9. That's it.

You have less chance of being audited at that time than any other time all year. You know why? Because the IRS knows that all the guys with high-priced New York accountants with enormous stomachs drop their enve-

You never forget your first Girl.



1·0·0·1 N·I·G·H·T·S

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48)

Ray Stark will make docudramas of your lives and detail the utter lasciviousness of the women of thy houses, and thou wilt be finished on this peninsula?"

So, being afraid, they came down to her, and she rose before them and said, "Rest thou assured, if thou wilt not work my will, a made-for-TV docudrama shalt detail thy shame. Now I wish to dance some crazy dances." And so saying, she produced the Walkman Five and three headsets, and gave two headsets, one to the prince and one to the emir, and keeping one herself. And the music was the Go-Go's. And they did dance as she wished, and when they were finished an entire album she did stop and take the headsets from them and say, "Well done." Then she picked up the green metallic handbag from where it lay upon the sand and drew from it a sheaf of business cards. "Know ye what these are?" And the prince and the emir replied that they did not. "They are the business cards of seven hundred and twelve men with whom I have danced when my friend the arms dealer was asleep or out of the room or talking business and not paying attention. Now give me yours, or you shall figure most prominently in producer Ray Stark's mini-series."

Then she advised them to be bugging off and they did, marveling at the malice of women and agreeing that it had no equal in might.

And the prince spoke to the emir, saying, "Consider the ways of this lady with this arms dealer who is far and away the major honcho here, and to him a greater mishap befell even than that which befell us. I find this damned consoling, and in fact I feel as you did, outstanding, just outstanding. So let us return to our countries and capital and swear off the womenfolk and take care of business with that bitch of a wife of mine."

When the prince did return to his city and sat himself on the recliner-lounger of his authority he did call to him his chief of security, the father of a young boy who—Inshallah!—shall presently be mentioned, and he ordered this man, an American and former member of the Special Forces, to take the prince's wife and smite her to death with the horny ridges of his karate-customed hand, and when this was done he did personally slay the two attendants of his wife with the nozzle of a nargileh.

Discontinued by special request of his most honorable sublime ineluctably inestimably and utterly wealthy high bigness, the Empty Quarter himself. Thanks for the check, Ali. ■

A Letter from



OUR CHIEF OF POLICE

Greetings to all college students.

On behalf of the Fort Polyp Police Department, I would like to welcome all collegians visiting our fair city, the jewel of Florida between Fort Lauderdale and Tar Points. Enjoy our fine beaches and nightlife, and remember, carrying an open container will be taken as a sign of the troublemaker, or the criminally insane.

A very nasty rumor surfaced last year that in our fair beach town the owner of a small, inexpensive doughnut shop was coercing weary students who slumped into booths looking for a cup of joe and a cruller to buy hundreds of doughnuts at gunpoint, depriving them of beer and sun-lotion money, and their constitutional rights. According to the untruth, the students who reported this to the police were laughed at, and—you guessed it—the sober and reddened students were then offered coffee and doughnuts from the same shop.

We are pleased to report that after a thorough investigation, these incredible allegations have all proved false. They stem from a single misunderstanding from a mumbling English major from Yale and a part-time doughnut-shop employee. With noise from the sunlamps that keep the delicious doughnuts warm and chewy, a request for two doughnuts can easily sound like one for 2,508. Scientific police tests confirm this. The gun was not actually loaded.

Rumors of police harassment, of the forcing of students to buy dozens of eclairs "for charity," and of strip searches of girls with no money for doughnuts or with nice bods are totally spurious.

So come on down again this year, and discover what Fort Polyp is all about. It's always a pleasure to have you.

Yours in the law,

Bud Bonbon

Bud Bonbon
Chief of Police



the nitelife

by Sheree Bonbon Parfait

If you like food—and who doesn't?—Fort Polyp has places to both soothe and arouse your palate. From tantalizing appetizers to thick, juicy entrées, the Fort has the goods to satisfy your every desire. Just thinking about them makes my mouth water and my knees weak. Desserts? How about sundaes with the biggest banana on the Atlantic Seaboard, or creamy gooey coconut pie? Mmmm...

For the adventurous, our Cuban Quarter offers many strange and exotic dishes for people who like to eat before sundown, or who have access to a high-powered automobile. Many, such as Arturo's Bay of Pigs, feature special "amigo platters" containing dishes without tentacles or fins. Olé!

Night owls hooting for a foamer or Sex Machine (my fave!) can try one or a dozen at our local bars. Often the companionship you'll find there can "pick up" your whole Fort Polyp stay. After a night on the stools you'll know why Fort Polyp has gotten the rep with sophisticates as the greatest adventure since Club Med.

Ciao,

 Sheree

FORT POLYP CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

WELCOME TO FORT POLYP!



Fort Polyp is now more than ever the Phoenix of the Atlantic Seaboard. We are pleased to announce the opening of Dark Journey, the amusement park where you can hunt and kill your own souvenirs. So bag a condor, a wolverine, or a fuzzy koala, and have something to show your friends back home besides a good tan.

For those coming to Fort Polyp for the first time, let me give you a brief rundown of our history. The Fort was founded by the Spanish in 1957, and Old World charm can still be found at Taco Rico, Viva la Burger, and the many stores selling colorful paper piñatas, flowers, and bits of string along Beaner Boulevard. The old San Burrito Mission ("Suffer the little ones to make meat-filled dinner treats") is open to visitors daily, and we hear the Indian graveyard is something super this year.

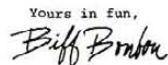
In 1763, Fort Polyp was overrun by laughing pirates. It still retains its romantic, nautical ambience at Captain Kidd's Videoland (formerly Captain Kidd's Pirate Shooting Gallery) and Davy Jones's Undersea Lunch Locker, as well as in the many waterfront mansions and old cannons in the area. Door knockers commemorating these antebellum and blood-soaked days may be purchased at Nutty Ned's Knockerland, "where the prices are paranoid schizophrenic."

The Blue and the Gray, those courageous sons of Abe Lincoln and Jeff Davis, are at it again every day at Rebel Skec-Ball. Although Fort Polyp was never actually involved in the War Between the States, we're Southern right down to our beach thongs. But we always take Yankee money! Seriously, everyone, regardless of geographic origin, is always made to feel welcome at Fort Polyp, where "you come as a stranger, but leave as a Polyp."

The Wax Museum of Animal Stars features everyone from Nanook's dog team to Benji, teaches you to perform some of the tricks the animals did, and entices you with the glamour that was Hollywood. I'd say that glamour was, oh, forty, fifty years ago. Bill's Doughnut Shop on 627 Paba Way is the doughnut bake shop of the eighties. I'd say that even if Bill wasn't my brother. And if you're in the mood for a futuristic souvenir T-shirt, be sure to drop in to Sheree's Pit to a T-shirt Emporium, a store as ahead of its time as instant noodles.

Fort Polyp may be a lot smaller than Daytona or Fort Lauderdale, but that just makes us work extra hard—for you. So come enjoy the magic of seashells, white beaches, and happy motorists at Fort Polyp. And please patronize our history makers.



Yours in fun,

 Biff Bonbon
 President
 Fort Polyp Chamber of Commerce

BOB PARFAIT FOR SHERIFF

"The Only Choice"

CLIP 'N' SAVE

MATT'S HOUSE OF BAIL BOND

Matt Conway, Proprietor
 577-5208
 "Just In Case"

CLIP 'N' SAVE

Bad Pickup Lines— DON'T USE

(The following bad pickup lines were overheard last year by Buzz Scarlett, head bartender of Sluts. In the interest of easy liaisioning, we print them as a warning.)

"I can twist my dick into a Crazy Straw, the wacky sipping device designed to amuse children." *"Sometimes I just want to kill, and kill, and kill..."*

"Are those breasts or pillows?" *"If you're herped out to the max, tap your glass three times."*

"Say, do you mind if I do some networking on the side while I'm talking to you?" *"Tell me a little about your lymphatic system."*

"What's a nice girl like you doing blowing goats for a living?"

"If I had a nickel for every minute my uncle, Richard Speck, has spent in prison..." *"In a way, Dr. McCoy is the most fascinating member of the whole Enterprise crew."*

"Boobs like that mean big bucks in the Wet T-shirt Contest."





t&m

Hello, fun lovers.

Welcome to Florida, land of sunshine and mouse ears. We of the T & M Corporation, makers of Turtle aluminum foils and other foil-related products, want you to have the best spring break in the world. All right!

You're here to party down and have a good time. And we're here to help you. We've got an awesome Wet T-shirt Contest, an incredible human wheelbarrow race on the beach, and an amazing foil-exchange program. Come on over to our booths at the Holiday Inn or Ramada Inn of Fort Polyp and pick up a free T & M Flying Disc and pair of cardboard

wraparound shades. And while you're there, take a look at the Energy Conservation and Foil Products Display. We think you'll discover a few facts about aluminum foil's role in helping our nation's quest for energy solutions that even your science pros aren't yet clued in on. Go for it!

But hey, the main reason you're here is for fun, so have a ball. Remember, take it easy at first when soaking up rays for your ultra-fashionable tan. And keep in mind that only a loser doesn't know his limits when it comes to partying. We've lost so many of our fine talents over the years, the voices that held together our generation, and we don't want to lose you, okay? Way to go!

And if high-priced restaurants ruin your good vibes, remember that a sandwich covered with Turtle aluminum foil is always in good taste.

It's been real,

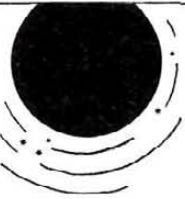
Harold Schlug

*Harold Sclug
Vice-President of
Marketing
T & M Corporation*

TURTLE TIME COMIX®



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SPECIAL COLLEGE EVENTS CALENDAR



SUNDAY MARCH 20-
SATURDAY, MARCH 26

<p>SUN</p>	<p>10:00 A.M. 11:00-5:00 11:30 5:00 P.M. 7:00</p>	<p>T & M Human Wheelbarrow Race. Bring your own arms. Lynn Giles—Twenty Years of Airbrush Wonders. Retrospective at the Hallmark Museum. Piñatas on Parade. Cuban kids clutch festive paper dolls, block traffic. Find the Oranges Treasure Hunt. Dyed orange potatoes thrown in add to the excitement. Festival of Lo-Cal Soda</p>
<p>MON</p>	<p>Noon 1:30 P.M. 5:45 7:00 9:30</p>	<p>Krazy Kingpins. Bowling and pizza party at the Home for the Criminally Insane. T & M Foil-Exchange Ritual. They got it, you want it. Blessing of the Tuna Cans Half-Price Doughnut Madness Sale at Bob's Blowfish on Parade. The Jaycees join the colleges in torturing fish.</p>
<p>TUES</p>	<p>11:00 A.M. 12:30 P.M. 5:00 7:30</p>	<p>Dirty Bookmobile Sunshine Sale South Seas Luau at Kentucky Fried Chicken. Pineapples never had it so good. Chug 'n' Chip. Colleges compete for prizes while drinking beer on miniature golf course. Cafeteria-style Dinner. For those who miss the dining halls back home.</p>
<p>WED</p>	<p>9:35 A.M. 10:45 5:30 P.M. 10:00 11:30</p>	<p>Armed Forces Recruiting. Frolickers sleeping on beach given choice of Army or jail. Morgan Fairchild Look-alike Contest. Followed by impromptu stoning of winner. Country Comes to Florida. Bob Biddy's Greasy Wheels delight you in a barn. T & M Wet T-shirt Contest. Boobs ahoy! KGB Miss Tractor Parts Final</p>
<p>THURS</p>	<p>Noon 2:45 P.M. 3:15 4:45 8:00 10:00</p>	<p>Beach Bootleg Contest. Chance to guzzle moonshine from official Fort Polyp Beach Balls. Winner falls down. Festival of Cutoffs Gilligan's Island Castaway Self-Help Workshop Not-So-Happy Hour. People who've run out of money get together to be depressed. Sunburn Survival Clinic Screening: <i>My Dinner with André the Giant</i>. Wrestler eats, talks with his mouth full.</p>
<p>FRI</p>	<p>10:00 A.M. 1:00 P.M. 9:00 Midnight</p>	<p>Ceremonial Totaling of Hotel Bills Drink Till You Puke. Bump head against wall, have fun. T & M Giant Flying Disc Giveaway. Hundreds of plastic whirling discs dropped from helicopter. Duck! Gators on the Make. Horny reptiles crawl out of swamp, attack coeds.</p>
<p>SAT</p>	<p>9:30 A.M. 11:45 2:30 P.M. 5:00 7:30 9:00 10:00</p>	<p>Hangover Fun Clinic. Origami animals to make and tear to shreds. Fun for Locals. Motorcycle gang runs over beach chairs, steals blankets, beats up Four Eyes. Seashell Awareness Training. You've got 'em, now learn how to care for them. Fireworks Display. Boom! Desperation Sleaze-A-Thon for Stories to Tell Sea World Revolt. Spartacus the Dolphin leads revolution against keepers. Scary. Borders closed till all bills paid.</p>

Marriot Speedway Presents
DANNY LA MOTTA'S
Super Smashup Drag Car Race
and Funny Car Exhibition
featuring all your favorite STAR WARD characters

- YODEL
- PRINCESS LAYER CAKE
- HANS SINGLE BAR
- OBIE WANCANNABIS
- that lovable Q.T.,
- THE TAN TERRESTRIAL
- DARK VOTER
- R-2 DETROIT
- C-3 P.O.W.

May the course be with you!

LITTER LOUIE SEZ

HELP KEEP FORT POLYP CLEAN! PLACE TRASH INSIDE ME... IT'S WHAT I EAT! RIGHT, PALMETTO? RIGHT, LOUIE!

RESTAURANTS AND BARS

(Listings compiled by Robert Parfait and Sheree Bonbon Parfait)

DAN AND DICK'S DEW LAFF-IN

2345 Coconut Way

That wacky duo from "Laugh-In," Dan Rowan and Dick Martin, are at it again, this time trading burger secrets instead of jokes at their new restaurant....With the zanes working behind the counter, you can bet Happy Hour will turn to Hilarious Hour as the funsters repeatedly try to get Goldie Hawn to return their phone calls.

A PRETTY NAKED GIRL WITH A FRIENDLY SMILE AND PLEASANT TABLE MANNERS BAR AND GRILL

1879 Kailua Boulevard

Much as the name implies.

THE LAUNDRY BIN

438 Koala Street

An innovative establishment that combines drinking and clothes washing in a festive atmosphere. Between 4:00 and 7:00 a drum roll from the Spin Cycle guarantees all drinks and fabric softener half price. If you like more than one kind of suds, this is the place.

BREWS LEE'S FLYING MUGS OF FURY

626 Seashell Plaza, in the Bonbon Towers

East meets West in this convivial tavern cum karate studio. Lest injuries occur all mugs are plastic, and the bouncers make it one of the safest places on the Heights.

BOURBON A LA MODE

501 Beach Ball Road

All your favorite drinks served with a scoop of Häagen-Dazs ice cream in the center. Perfect for revelers who miss the sophistication of a New York or Paris, France. Last year's surprise hit—gin and tonic with a liberal dollop of hot butter-scotch sauce and zesty almond slivers.

PINS 'R' U

74 Bikini Boulevard

More than a bowling alley and lounge, Pins 'R' U doubles as a participatory sport, with the rare opportunity to enact the role of a bowling pin, huddled together with nine other hearty drinkers. A life-size wrecking ball is rolled sadistically down an extra-large lane, and you're in for the craziest mixed-up time of your natural life. Can you "spare" the time before you "split"?

SEPARATE CHECKS

927 Bonbon Lane

Great for the guy with a lot of romance in his heart but only a few ones in his wallet. At Separate Checks, girls are automatically asked to pay for their own drinks; the wary are given a stern lecture on the evils of being a sex toy by waitresses re-

sembling Gloria Steinem and other seventies feminists.

SLUTS

535 Blowfish Pike

No-nonsense singles bar for guys on the make for girls with absolutely no self-respect. I mean, these gals are low.

THE CAGEY BEE?

Cloak-and-dagger atmosphere with intrigue second on the bill to their famous

fried seafood platter. If you receive a note from Naughty Natasha after ten, the second one's on the house! Trench coat and tie requested.

BILL'S DOUGHNUT SHOP

627 Paba Way

One of Fort Polyp's most famous and luxurious dining spots, the graciousness of its staff exceeded only by the quality and price of its baked goods.



POLICE BAKER'S DOZEN OF DOS AND DON'TS

- Never pick up Sid Caesar hitchhiking.
- Do not consume PABA-based alcoholic drinks.
- No beer ziggurats allowed in room.
- Obey local rodent-whipping statutes.
- Sunglass burning in designated areas only.
- Follow all posted bikini lanes.
- Limit blowfish sun 'n' sex orgies to beach.
- Breast bouncing punishable by law.
- Return all lost conventioners to designated areas.
- Do enjoy many delicious doughnuts during your stay.
- Scofflaws and party girls need not apply.
- Halter watering and conjuring tricks prohibited in picnic areas.
- Silly hats must be worn in emergency lanes.

Why I ~~Like~~ Love! Fort Polyp

trick mirror for a nickel. He used to sing of ice cubes that came in decks and tasted like honey milk—what a man!! After a while he began to smell, and then he died. Everyone liked him, I'm sure."



Kathy Bonbon
Age 15
Student

"I love Fort Polyp because it's real neat and all the people are real sweet to me. Except the guys who ride motorcycles and hang out at The Wreck. But that's okay, too."



Barney Flob
Age 47
Tire Salesman

"Fort Polyp means a lot to different people. Some like it for this, others for that. A lot feel it's a way of life. Me, I call it home. What more can I say?"



Christianne Flange
Age 25
Hardware Store Receptionist

"My grandfather came here when he was ten, and we've been here since. He used to tell me stories about the old days, when horses had four legs instead of wheels and you could buy a



John Keats
Age 23
Poet and Airbrush Artist

"Much have I traveled in the realms of fun, but never as much fun as my stay in Fort Polyp. I came for the dactyls, but you may prefer the sun and booze. Of many goodly states and kingdoms seen, it's the snazziest."

National Lampoon *Presents:* *Our First Annual Circulation- Boosting, Fashionable, and Titillating Swimsuit Feature*

BY L. DENNIS PLUNKETT

68 NATIONAL LAMPOON • APRIL 1983

In these times of alleged sexual liberation, not to say downright filth-mongering promiscuity, it is curious—and somehow gratifying—to note that the annual “Swimsuit Cover” issues of *Life* and *Sports Illustrated* magazines are perennially the bestsellers of the year for those esteemed periodicals.

For it can only mean that numerous consumers who do not normally or habitually purchase either *Life* or *Sports Illustrated*, while browsing at their local mag racks pass up the skin books, sneer at the split-beav glossies, neglect the mixed combos, give not a nod to the four-color deep-pink golden-shower chocolate honeys or midnight-blue books, ignore the full frontal vag-pen Swedish imports, scorn the local mobsters’ smudged smut pulp, and eschew all the heavy-breathing graphic-in-every-detail bums ‘n’ busts ‘n’ hot-action close-up HARD-CORE PORN available—and buy the pretty pictures of nice girls in swimsuits.

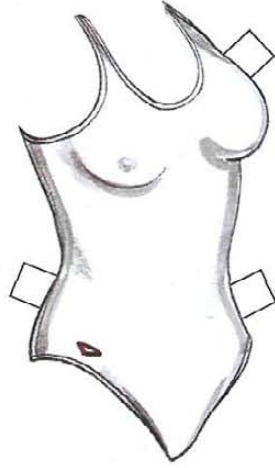
Our own editorial board—and, we can only assume, our readers—is about equally divided on the important bathing suit/no bathing suit question. It appears that the low, coarse, vulgar, and unimaginative types prefer their pinups in the buff; the more upscale, sophisticated, decent, and well-to-do sort opt for the slightly clothed version of the dream girl. For those of you who fall into the latter category (a group much more desirable from an advertising- and merchandising-profile point of view, we might add), we have included on these pages examples of the latest and most fashionable summer swimwear.

You are invited to cut them out (carefully), place them upon the appropriate female forms divine (modestly), and wank away to your heart’s content, just like the urbane readers of *Life* and *Sports Illustrated* do (repeatedly).



The Traditional Speedo

BY MISTER EARL



The Bathing Machine

BY DEAR ALBERT





Mam'selle Grenouille

BY M. CRAPAUD



The Three-Piece Drip-Dry

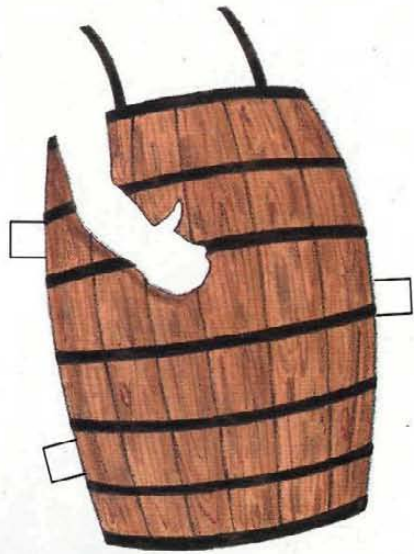
BY POLLY-ESTHER





Old Niagara

BY MR. BILL

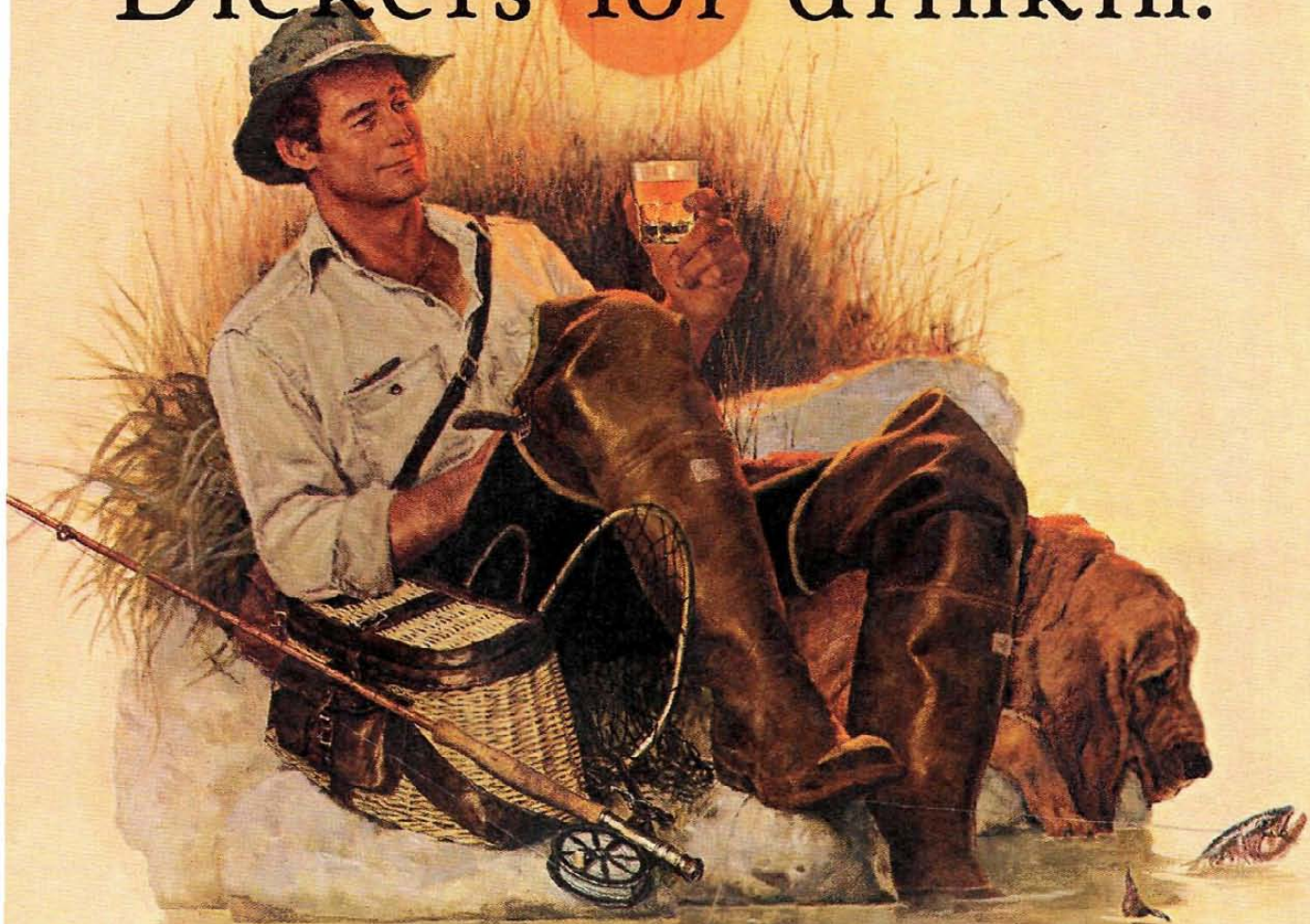


The 2,000 Leaguer

BY M. JULES



Water's for fishin'. Dickel's for drinkin'.



Don't let water, ice, or anything come between you and your first taste of George Dickel. Because when you start out with a whisky that's been properly gentled in the first place, you don't have to half drown it or throw rocks at it to make it behave. Later on, if you feel compelled to

splash on a little water—or your favorite mixer—well, we try to be open-minded about such things.

After all, a whisky that tastes as good as Dickel does all by itself, is going to taste pretty great no matter what you do to it. For smoothness, it's in a class by itself.

GEORGE



DICKEL

T E N N E S S E E

W H I S K Y

SOUR MASH

If you'd like a free 18" x 23" print of this ad, write to us at: George A. Dickel & Co., Tullahoma, TN 37388.

GEORGE DICKEL® • MADE IN TENNESSEE • 90 PROOF • GEORGE A. DICKEL & COMPANY • TULLAHOMA, TENNESSEE © 1983

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TRUE FACTS

PRESIDENT REAGAN recently ordered the U.S. Navy to change the name of a new vessel from the *Corpus Christi* to the *City of Corpus Christi*. The change was made after religious leaders objected to the idea of a nuclear attack submarine bearing a Latin name that means the "body of Christ." *Grit* (contributed by Ron Hooker)

BASED ON A DESCRIPTION PROVIDED by witnesses, police in Cincinnati, Ohio, quickly collared William Howard, fifty-six, as the man who had attempted to burglarize the home of an elderly woman. Howard had been wearing his World War One vintage army coat and hat as well as size-fifteen purple shoes. *Cincinnati Post* (contributed by Pat Laffin)

ACCORDING TO THE *FAR EASTERN Review*, the following story appeared in a mainland Chinese newspaper: "Orchid Island residents want to know what all the fuss over nuclear waste is all about. Inhabitants of this small offshore island claim they are proud that Orchid Island has been chosen as the site of the first storage dump for untreated radioactive waste materials and are urging the provincial government to declare the storage dump an official national tourist attraction." (contributed by Tim Sullivan)

GEORGE SCHIRO, A COLLEGE STUDENT in Gainesville, Florida, was sentenced to sixty days in jail for inflicting second-degree burns on his pet guinea pig. Claiming the animal had bitten him, Schiro said he decided to teach it a lesson and "cook it lightly" in a frying pan. *New Orleans Times-Picayune* (contributed by W.C. Adams)

TSUI SAI-WAI, TWENTY-FOUR, OF HONG Kong, was arrested after falling twelve floors in a Peeping Tom incident. His fall was broken by a canopy. Tsui had been spotted twelve stories up, hanging by one hand and "performing an indecent act" with the other while he

watched a fifty-year-old woman brush her teeth. When the woman saw him and screamed, Tsui tried to scramble back onto the roof where he had left his pants, but instead lost his grip and fell. *South China Morning Post* (contributed by B. I. Dubin)

CYNTHIA KOSLOW OF BROWARD County, Florida, called the police for help, claiming there was a snake loose in her kitchen. Investigating officers found an earthworm, which they captured and released behind the home. *Broward Sun-Sentinel* (contributed by Dave Read)

AFTER THE FIRST ACT OF AMILCARE Ponchielli's opera *La Gioconda* at New York's Lincoln Center, tenor Carlo Bini, a native of Italy, was rushed in to substitute for a star who had fallen ill. But when Bini began to sing his first aria, members of the audience, some of whom had paid up to sixty-five dollars for seats, began to boo.

"I think he was traumatized and disoriented," said mezzo-soprano Mignon Dunn, a co-star. Dunn held Bini's hand onstage to bolster his confidence and keep him from bolting, and when she turned to sing her own part, she firmly placed Bini's arm around her waist. But some misinterpreted the gesture, thinking that Bini had embraced her too high and she was moving his hands down. Part of the audience began to laugh, and at this point, fighting broke out in the balcony as disputes over

audience deportment grew violent. Some patrons slapped each other with programs, and several were ejected by security guards. Nevertheless, booing erupted again every time Bini attempted to sing.

Finally, conductor Giuseppe Patané stopped the music to admonish the audience. "Have at least some respect for Ponchielli," he said. Later, Bini missed an entrance, so the music stopped again, and after that Patané, suffering from "fluctuating blood pressure," had to be carried from the conductor's podium by orchestra members.

Speaking with reporters after the disaster, Bini remarked: "Everything is making a big casserole." *New York Times* (contributed by Duck Divet)

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD DONNA GRIFFITHS of Pershore, England, began sneezing when she contracted a cold in January 1981. Eleven months later she was still sneezing, an average of twice each minute, or 120 times an hour. During a television interview, the girl estimated that she had sneezed 850,000 times since the beginning of the year. *AP* (contributed by David Richardson)

AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN, DESCRIBED AS about forty years old, was shot and dragged away by East German border guards after scaling the Berlin Wall. It marked the first time in the twenty-year history of the wall that anyone had broken into East Berlin. *UPI* (contributed by M. Silberger)

Photo for Thought Joe Forbes, Pittsburgh, Pa.



Yes, it's a cop and a dog on a motorcycle, and yes, they're serious.

From the Slush Pile

THE FOLLOWING UNEDITED excerpts have been culled from unsolicited manuscripts sent to a prominent editor of serious fiction. The editor wishes to remain anonymous; the authors of these gems of prose will almost certainly remain anonymous as well, like it or not.

When Sue and Bob came home, they found their cook in the kitchen, shot to death. "That does it!" Bob said, exasperated. "We're moving!"

My mind was a blank blackboard be-moaning the lack of chalk.

Gerry called home and talked to her daughter named Cindy.

The captain of police eyed his men. "I've called you together this morning because we're faced with a serious problem. Crime is rampant and we have to do something about it."

There wasn't an ounce of fat on Horace and he was as swarthy as they come.

Charles Wagner—Charlie as he was known as a child—was a movie buff. He had seen *Citizen Caine* more than fifty times.

He drove home almost as fast as he could.

The fabric of her saronglike dress revealed a figure mid-journey to maturity.

"It's almost midnight," the paunchy sheriff said. "We can wait until tomorrow to chew the fat!"

"If you're smart you won't start out on a very bad foot," Professor Carson always told his students at his first lecture.

The lawyer laughed shortly. "I think you'll find, Miss Phillips, that your uncle really did you no favor when he left you this white elephant."

She stared at the chessboard. So many senseless games. Like war. Was there any hope for humanity?

Walking and driving was difficult with her heels too high and her toes so low.

"I'll tell you what," Cathy smiled, "you could poison her." "That's asking a lot from me," Rose replied, "but if it will help your frame of mind I'll go along with it."

As they drank cider in front of the fireplace they mulled over their problems.

It was amusing that Charlie had no dependents or family in view of his promiscuous behavior.

"Why do you need to take your purse?" he asked. Nancy looked at him and sighed. Men could be so stupid. "Because if the door's locked I'll need something to open it with," she explained patiently.

Then, when man's hatred for his brother had ripened like a swollen fruit, the fighting started, and like a bastard child we named it the Civil War.

When the party began he sneaked into the hostess's bedroom, put on her frilliest nightgown, and went waltzing around the house singing "I'm Just a Girl Who Can't Say No," making prurient advances to all the male guests. Needless to say, everyone was in stitches.

All she actually saw was the shadows of what looked like somebody being stabbed. She decided to check. After all, she thought, what if there was someone in that apartment that needed help?

Outside of his love of music, Jim was a very normal sort—basically a meat-and-potatoes type of guy with a trifle too much seasoning.

In spite of the dozens of tomatoes it had sliced and onions it had diced, the knife slipped under her rib cage just as easily as its brand-new counterpart in the TV advertisements.

Her smile contorted her mouth so carnally that her face lost its resemblance to humanity and became, instead, feline in nature.

"A dust-free refrigerator is a happy refrigerator," she laughed. I decided to forgive her the pun. ■

No Message *Roni M. Isou, Lexington, Ky.*



Sign Writers Anonymous



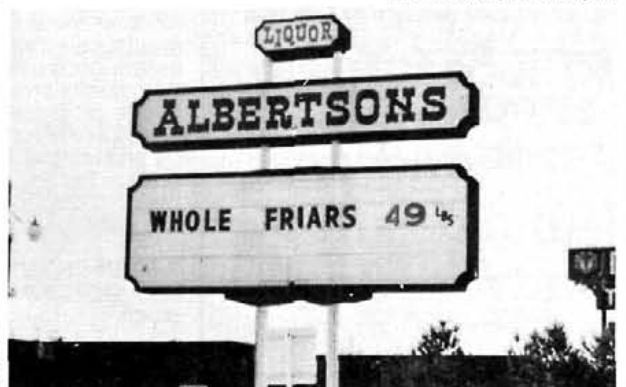
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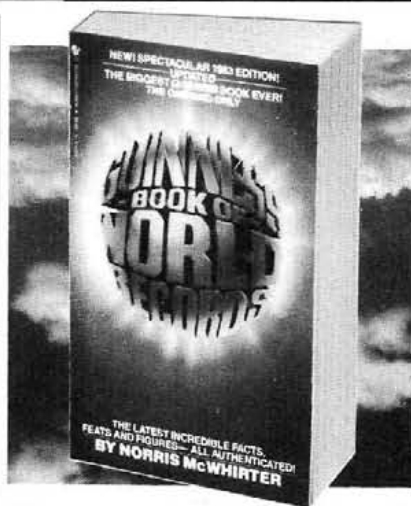
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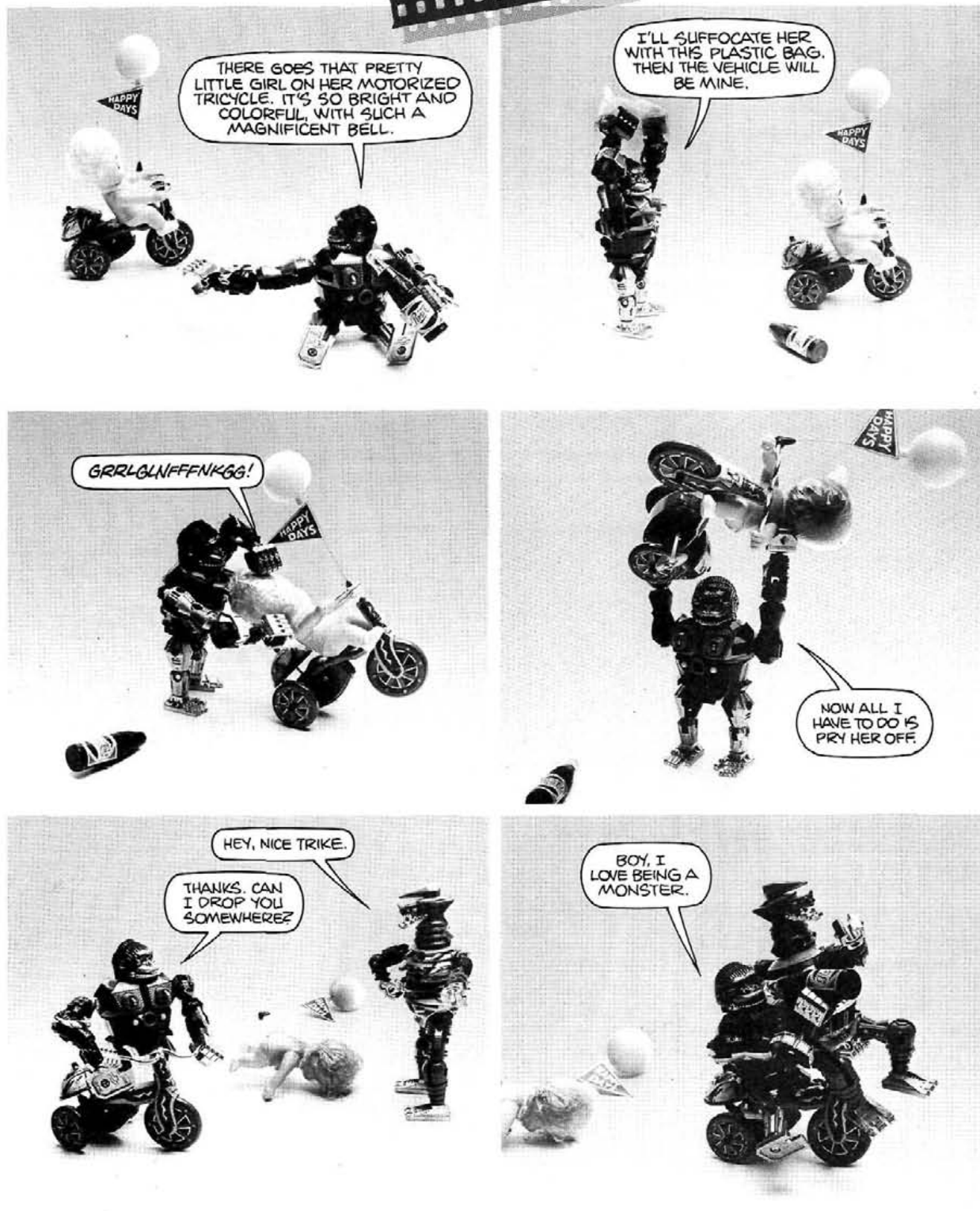
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LETTERS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

Sirs:

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The Missouri State Chamber
of Commerce

Sirs:

What do you call a Cambodian with two dogs? A rancher.

Gen. William Westmoreland
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

We are here in your magazine to protest the rampant misuse of Christmas-related products after the holiday season. Stories from reliable products tell of blinking Christmas-tree lights used to lure toddlers into caves with giant bears, strings of tinsel made to strangle wayward spouses, broken and battered ornaments forced into Mob-related activities. Plus the horrifying tale of numerous reindeer in bondage flicks that titillate the jaded palates of post-Xmas sickies. This must stop at once or ALL WILL DIE.

A Santa Claus Coffee Mug
with a Lot on Its Mind

Sirs:

So far I've made about eighty dollars singing with the new Mamas and the Papas. Shit, at this rate I can't afford to snort baby laxative.

Mackenzie Phillips
Burbank, Calif.

Sirs:

Everyone's heard of New Zealand, but have any of you wondered about *old* Zealand? I mean, if you refer to a place as *new* this-or-that, then it stands to reason that there should be an *old* this-or-that around, right? Like New England and England, or New Mexico and Mexico, to name only a few. Well, I've been trying to locate the old Zealand for five years now, and you know what? Not a thing. Not a single trace. The "New" Zealand may very well turn out to be a crock, in my opinion.

Arnold Hebley
New College, New York

Sirs:

How dare anyone cast aspersions on the name and origins of the grand *new* nation of New Zealand? Why, everyone

but a few meddling, mudslinging cretins knows that the ancient, venerable, long-established, almost universally known and revered, very, very old country of old Zealand is located in the region of Cough-Mumble, just south of Bleeble-Cough and right next to Mumble-Blxll-Harrumph. So there.

New Zealand Chamber of Commerce
Auckland, New Zealand

Sirs:

Bullshit. There's no "old" Zealand anywhere. There never was. There's not even a plain, ordinary "Zealand," for that matter. Just a bunch of mendacious, drunken, convicted criminals who were originally deported to that godforsaken, oversize sheep ranch, calling it "New" Zealand so they could pretend to have some kind of heritage longer than their leg irons. The only kind of family trees these phonies have are the ones their ancestors were lynched from, and the only thing New Zealand's got going for it is that it's close to Australia. Which, if you think about it, isn't much to have going for you.

John Prester
New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

We wish people would put a stop to these "new" and "old" arguments and quit examining the origins of their nations' names. Every time we think about *our* nation's namesake, we feel like kicking ourselves.

Barry Morobe
New Guinea

Sirs:

Every time someone leans over and whispers in my ear, "Hey Mort, your

penis just fell off." I always bend over to look. I can't help it. I fall for it every time. I mean, if someone told you your penis fell off wouldn't you be curious? But that's not why I wrote.

Mort Herman
Bigcloud, Md.

Sirs:

Hope you're taking care of all those *darling* toothsy-woothsies! Keep brushing those little pearlys, because I simply *adore* bright little teeth. And remember, just say the word and I'll be *right* at your pillow!

The Tooth Fairy
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

This is a good one, but you have to read it out loud, okay? Question: What's Irish and sits around swimming pools? Answer: Patio Furniture. Get it? God, I creased myself when I heard that one!

A. Bogge-Trotter
The Bogs, Kerry

Sirs:

If you'd gotten your hands on some full-color photos of Cloris Leachman massaging an iguana, would you send them to "Celebrity Sickheads" and make a quick two hundred bucks or blackmail the ugly bitch?

Stu Thompson
Kittery, Maine

Sirs:

We're not the same person, we never were, and we never will be. So please stop confusing us with each other.

Telly Savalas, Yul Brynner,
Menachem Begin, and Uncle Fester



Sirs:

Three months ago I answered a television advertisement and sent away for what I thought was an album of classical music: *The Longines Symphonette*. I got the album in the mail today and here's what's on it: the theme music for the TV show "Bonanza," the Western song "Ringo," and seventeen never-before-released Alpo commercials. On closer inspection I discovered the title of the album was actually *The Lorne Greene Symphonette*. They said it so fast on the ad I couldn't tell the difference. Now I'm out twenty-five dollars without a prayer of getting it back. I hope your readers can learn from my mistake.

Ralph Nader
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

If you meet the Buddha on the road, get him to give you a blowjob.

Alan Watts
Nirvana, Calif.

Sirs:

As I came out of my house, four people attacked me. One twisted my left arm behind my back, another wrapped

my other arm around my throat, the third one stuck my left foot into my ear, and the fourth twisted my right foot up my ass. The first one said, "You get any more bright ideas for toys, Mr. Inventor, keep them to yourself." Then they went away.

The doctors want to bring in some bright ten-year-olds to get me out of this, but they can't find any strong enough.

Ernö Rubik
Czechoslovakia General Hospital

Sirs:

I'll pay good money to anyone who'll tell me Where It's At. And a list of the latest hip words wouldn't hurt.

Paul Simon
Hollywood

Sirs:

I am the great and powerful Wizard of Oz!!! Why have you come to this vast hall and what is it you seek? Speak up!!!! Hey—keep that dog away from the envelope—pay no attention to that envelope! Stop that dog from tearing it open! Oh no! Foiled again!

The Wizard of Oz
Emerald City

Sirs:

Here's how you can remember which of us is which: I wrote *Jane Eyre*, my sister Emily wrote *Wuthering Heights*, my other sister Anne wrote *Agnes Grey*, and our brother Patrick blew Oscar Wilde in front of Buckingham Palace.

Good luck on the essay test.

Charlotte Brontë
Dull Classics 101

Sirs:

My girlfriend recently condemned your magazine as nothing but a pile of cheap, lewd trash. I championed your cause, and told her that while *National Lampoon* occasionally uses a modicum of slightly off-color terms, the humor is generally clean, clever, and keenly incisive. She stuck to her position, however, that *National Lampoon's* editors are grotesque, dirty little toilet-mouthed wimps.

I then said, "Listen, let's make a bet. Every time they use the word 'fuck' you have to give me a blowjob." No way, she said. I told her she had nothing to worry about, that I'd even pay her ten dollars in addition to the blowjob for each time "fuck" appears. She finally agreed, after I spent several hours convincing her of your publication's virtue. And all this just to prove my point—that your magazine is a paragon of smut-free humor.

Frank Williams
Buffalo, N.Y.

P.S. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

Sirs:

Uh, it was a hunting accident. Yeah! I thought he was a moose.

Sirhan B. Sirhan
Up for parole

Sirs:

I just had this great idea for a new music gimmick! I'll get another talented white guy, maybe Andy Gibb, and we'll dress up like these old black guys and play black blues music! We could even paint our faces black and call ourselves the Black Brothers! Only we wouldn't play music that was vulgar, or too loud or anything. We'd play more like Barry White and Charley Pride and that Diana Ross girl. You know, nice blues.

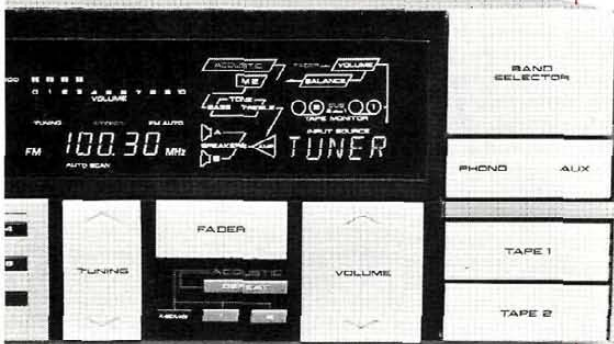
Donny Osmond
Tinseltown, Calif.

Sirs:

Hey! What's the difference between a nun with a banana up her crack and a blind pit bull on a sled? Don't know? Well, if you guys don't know, then I guess nobody does.

Phil the Wag
Flush, Kans.

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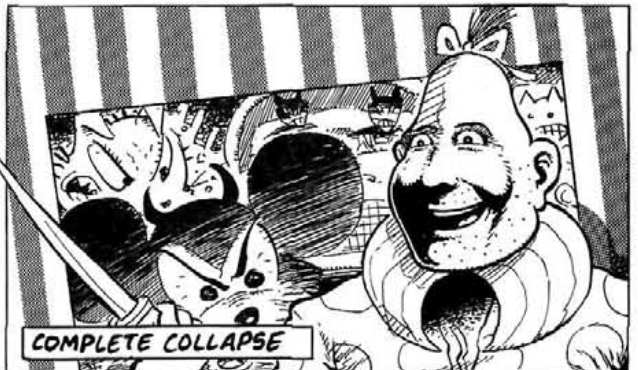
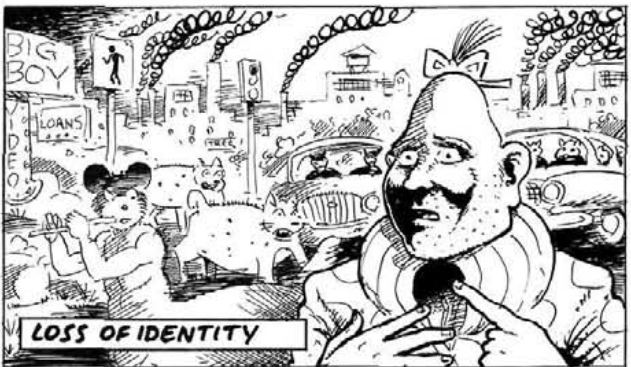
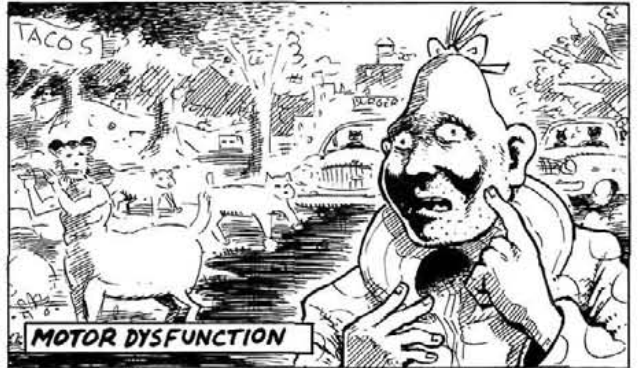
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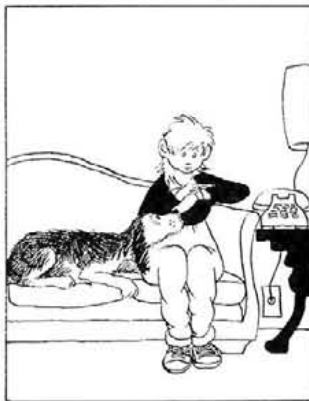
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FUNNY PAGES



TROTS AND BONNIE



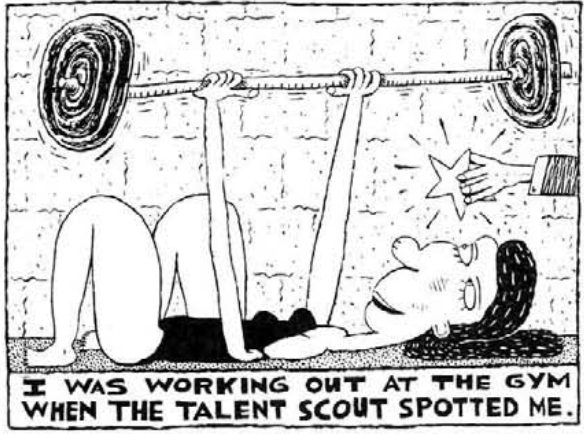
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P O L I T E N E S S M A N



POPULAR PROBLEMS

©1983 RON HALGE



CLEAN, WET HANKIES STUCK ON A WALL, PRESSED AND DRY WILL LATER FALL!

RAY and JOE - THE STORY OF A MAN AND HIS DEAD FRIEND

RAY ARRIVES HOME FROM SHOPPING...
GUESS WHAT I BOUGHT, JOE?

THAT'S RIGHT - ROLLERSKATES! NOW I WON'T HAVE TO CARRY YOU LIKE YOU WAS DRUNK AND HAVE PEOPLE STARE AT YA... ALL I GOTTA DO IS PULL YA ALONG...

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AIN'T THIS BETTER, JOE? HEY - LET'S GO IN HERE FOR A DRINK...

OH, NO, YOU DON'T! THERE'S GONNA BE NO ROLLERSKATIN' IN HERE - OUT!

IT'S OKAY, BARTENDER, HE'S NOT GONNA ROLLERSKATE - HE CAN'T ANYHOW - HE'S DEAD...

OH, THE POOR FISH WAS ROLLERSKATIN' AND HE HAD A HEART ATTACK...
UH, YEAH, RIGHT, LOOK, COULD I HAVE A BEER?

HELLO, HANDSOME! OH, HELLO!
NOT YOU, JERK! I'M TALKING TO YOUR FRIEND!

BARTENDER, IS IT OKAY IF I LEAN HIM AGAINST THE BAR WHILE I GO TO THE MEN'S ROOM?
SURE.

RAY RETURNS FROM HIS PEE...
HEY! WHERE'S MY FRIEND?

THAT BROAD TILLIE ROLLED HIM OUT. SAID SHE WAS TAKIN' HIM UP TO HER PLACE - RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET - THE ST. CLAIR HOTEL...
I WOULDN'T GET TOO CLOSE TO TILLIE, MAC, SHE'S GOT HERPES 5X - THE KIND WITH THE ALKALINE BASE!
HERPES TYPE 5X? OH, NO!!!

HERPES 5X? THE STRAIN THAT HAS BEEN KNOWN TO CAUSE LESIONS ON A PORCELAIN URINAL?

Mimi Pond's
Famous Waitress
SCHOOL
TODAY'S LESSON:
Psychology on the Job

MIMI POND © 1983

PSYCHOLOGY IS VERY IMPORTANT IN GAINING THE SYMPATHY OF YOUR CUSTOMERS—AND IN THIS BUSINESS, SYMPATHY=TIPS!

RIGHT!

GOSH, TODAY'S MY BIRTHDAY!

OH, HONEY, LET'S LEAVE AN EXTRA-NICE TIP!

IT IS? WELL, BLESS YOUR HEART!

WRONG!

GEE, I JUST FOUND OUT I HAVE THREE WEEKS TO LIVE.

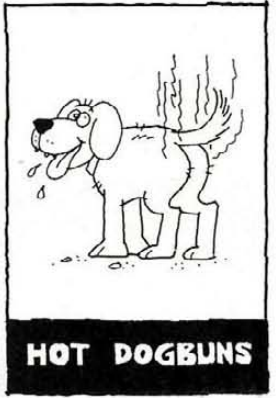
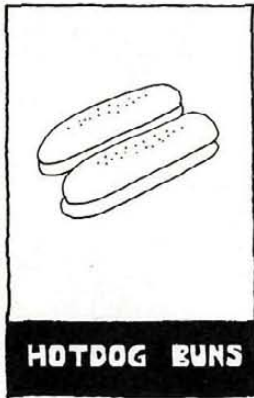
FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 275-B

WORD SPACING

SPACING WORDS CORRECTLY IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ASPECTS OF COMIC ART. STUDY THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATIONS CAREFULLY AND NOTICE HOW THE MEANING OF THE WORDS IS SUBTLY ALTERED WHEN THEY ARE SPACED DIFFERENTLY.



RICK GEARY
©1983

THIS MONTH:
A BIG GLASS BUILDING

WHAT ON EARTH GOES ON IN THERE?

NO ENTRY AT THE FRONT.

SAME STORY AT THE REAR LOCKED TIGHTERN A DRUM.

NOT A PEEP FROM WITHIN...

NOR ANY SIGN OF MOVEMENT.

CAN'T ROUSE A SOUL.

HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY BREATHE?

THIS MAN HAS NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON.

GUESS WE'D BETTER TRY SOMEPLACE ELSE.



Xico "X" has now arrived in Moscow to begin the grand mission of secrecy, which depends upon the contact meeting of "Mr. Subterraneo."



Mr. Subterraneo has the "merchandise" for you at the All-Coffee Restaurant in five minutes.

Sure, man.



But...

Xico "X" is alerted by the personal tape player of the reckless young romantics, and realizes the time.



¡Chingala! I must have fell asleep.

¡PAKA-PAKA-DO-DOO-LANG!

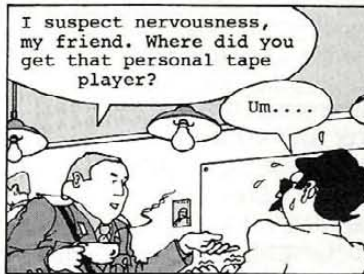
Xico "X" calculates that perhaps it is yet not too late to find Mr. Subterraneo at the All-Coffee Restaurant, but then there is an importune encounter.



Well, my old acquaintance, Xico "X"! Let us have a refreshment at the All-Coffee Restaurant.

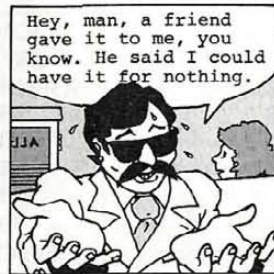


Of course, this restaurant is the worst place to be suggested.



I suspect nervousness, my friend. Where did you get that personal tape player?

Um....



Hey, man, a friend gave it to me, you know. He said I could have it for nothing.

Again, Xico "X" uses his cloak-and-dagger art of deception to foil the enemies. But where is Mr. Subterraneo?

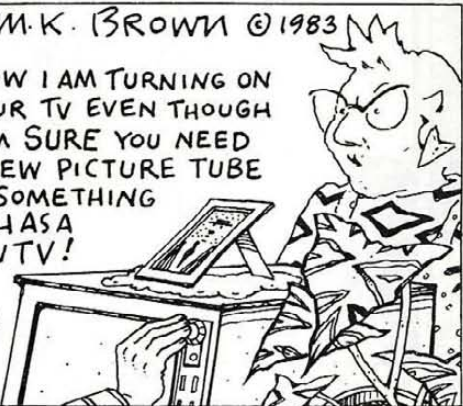
Continued...



M.K. BROWN © 1983

NOW I AM TURNING ON YOUR TV EVEN THOUGH I AM SURE YOU NEED A NEW PICTURE TUBE OR SOMETHING SUCH AS A NEW TV!

HA HA HA



LOOK! THERE ISN'T EVEN ANY PICTURE!

I AM GOING TO HAVE TO OPEN IT UP. THIS TV IS BROKEN

THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU



WHOOPS! OUCH THAT WAS 110 VOLTS!

HA HA HA

SHOULDN'T YOU UNPLUG IT?



THIS MAN IS CRAZY I'M CALLING THE POLICE

King of the Castle

IN DAYS OF OLD WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD
AND CONDOMS NOT INVENTED

Story: Sean Kelly and Ted Mann
Art: P. Craig Russell · Lettering: Tom Orzechowski

IT IS THE EVE OF THE FEAST OF SAINT ELMO. A TEMPEST OF TERRIBLE FEROCITY RAGES ABOUT THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE WHITE CASTLE, ANCESTRAL SEAT OF OUR HERO, SIR WILLIAM KING, BART. IN THE GREAT HALL WITHIN, HE SITS, IN THE COMPANY OF HIS SOMETIME COMRADE-IN-ARMS, THE CHIVALROUS BUT DUSKY BLACK PRINCE, AN UNRANSOMED MOORISH CAPTIVE.



PCR-14

A WATERLOGGED CHURL BURSTS IN UNBIDDEN AND KNEELS BEFORE HIS LIEGE LORD. BLIND KING BRUCE OF SCOTLAND HAS CAPTURED HIS SWEET SISTER, AND THE MAIDEN WOULD FAIN BE RESCUED RIGHT SOON, HE STAMMERS.



THE EVER COURTEOUS BLACK PRINCE OFFERS TO RIDE TO THE DAMSEL'S RESCUE, AND SIR WILLIAM ORDERS A STEED SADDLED RIGHT QUICKLY. YET THE STABLE GROOMS ARE LOATH TO OBEY-- FOR SIR WILLIAM'S HORSES ARE ALL SMITTEN WITH A PLAGUE OF THE AGUE.

HARD PRESSED, THE NOBLEMAN REACHES A FATEFUL DECISION. BUT FIRST HE ASKS HIS FRIEND THE MOOR FOR HIS WEAPON-- A FEARSOME MACE AND CHAIN.

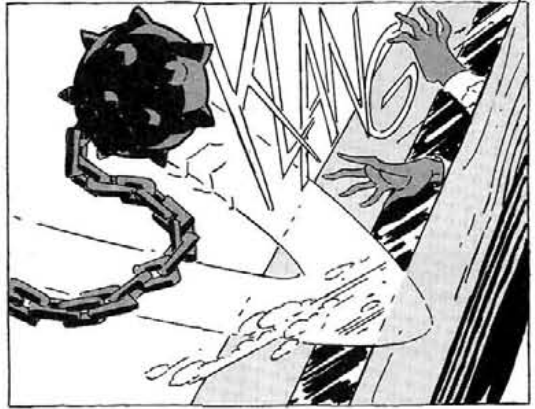


"BLACK PRINCE," SAYS OUR HERO, "YET SHALL YE INDEED RIDE OUT UPON THIS MISSION!" AND TO THE GROOMS HE BIDS, "HASTEN, VARLETS, AND SADDLE ME THIS ELKHOUND HERE, AS A MOUNT FOR THIS NOBLE MOOR."

THE STABLE CHURLS HASTILY DRAPE THE GREAT HOUND WITH BRIDLE, STIRRUPS, SADDLE, AND COSTLY PLATES OF ARMOR, THAT THE BLACK KNIGHT MIGHT RIDE! THE NOBLE MOOR WOULD FAIN SPEAK WITH SIR WILLIAM, WHO YET BIDS HIM KEEP SILENT.



AS THE GATES ARE FLUNG WIDE TO THE STORMY DARKNESS, THE BLACK PRINCE CANNOT RESIST THE ANCIENT JEST THAT RISES YET TO HIS LIPS: "YOU CAN'T SEND A KNIGHT OUT ON A DOG LIKE THIS, SIRE," QUOTH HE.



HIS NOBLE DUTY DONE, KING OF THE CASTLE STANDS BY THE PORTCULLIS AND MEDITATES, THINKS HE, "TIS A BITTER NIGHT ON THE MOORS, AT THAT!"



NEXT MONTH: THE ARRIVAL OF SAMUEL THE AMUSING.

TIMBERLAND TALES

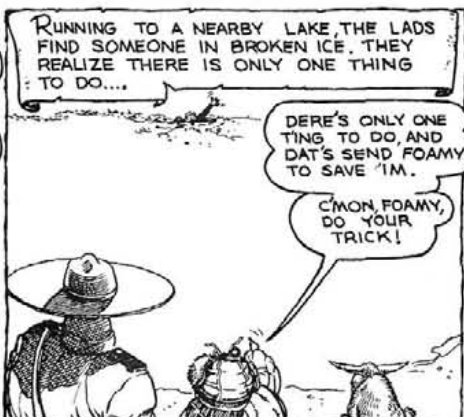
by B.K. Taylor
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UNMINDFUL OF A WARNING FROM DR. ROGERS, THE WARMHEARTED MAURICE AND CONSTABLE TOM BEFRIEND A STRAY DOG. IN THE CABIN OF THE CONSTABLE, WE HEAR...



THE FRIENDS DECIDE TO TAKE FOAMY FOR A WALK IN THE HOPE THE FRESH AIR WILL BRING OUT HIS TRUE CANINE PROWESS.



SICK BUT FUNNY

NATIONAL
LAMPOON
*Sex, Drugs, Rock 'n' Roll,
and the End of the World*



A brand new NATIONAL LAMPOON comedy record album, including *Inside Jane Fonda, Marilyn Monroe Reborn, A Tribute to "Annie," Godspeak, A Night in Central Park, Apocalypse Now*, and other very funny bits. Featuring our new wave of outrageously talented comedy players.

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New York State residents: Please add 8¼% sales tax.

Marketed by JEM Records, Inc., South Plainfield, New Jersey



Can You Pick the Five Better Places to Live Than New York?

MOST OF THESE PLACES are safer, cleaner, better-organized, healthier, and more aesthetically satisfying to live in than New York City. In fact, all of them are except one. Can you spot the five better places to live? (Like the victims of so many senseless crimes committed on the subways of New York, the winner of this contest will be chosen at random.)



THIS MONTH'S PRIZE is again the Audiovox AT-20 cordless telephone. The best and most expensive of all cordless telephones we tested, it has a range of seven hundred feet, works

with rotary and touch-tone systems, has a lockable handset, a redial feature, a page device, and several other FCC-approved qualities that make it worth winning. Remember, you need no skill to win this contest, as the winners are picked at random. (Audiovox Corporation, which donates these prizes, is located at 150 Marcus Blvd., Hauppauge, N.Y. 11788, and does not necessarily approve of or even like this contest.)

THIS CONTEST VOID WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW



1 Iraqi VA hospital



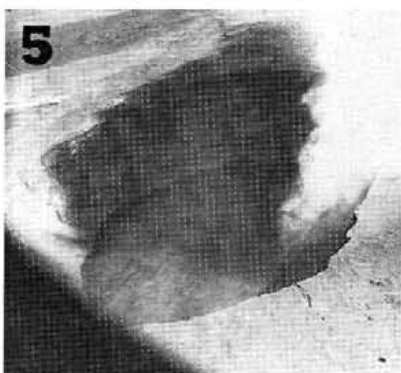
2 A garbage dump in the Deccan



3 Angolan leper colony



4 Cambodian restaurant meat locker



5 Crater of active volcano



6 Los Angeles

WELL, I'M NO EDWARD TELLER, BUT the five better places to live than New York City are (circle)

1 2 3 4 5 6

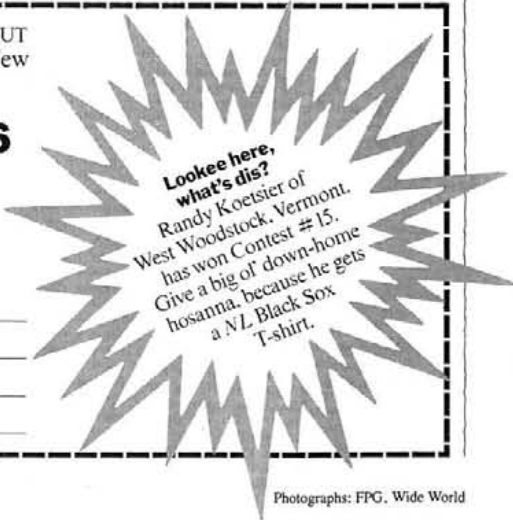
Send to: Better Places
National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____



Good friends will be there come hell or high water.



Your friends didn't know a scrum from a dropkick. And they obviously didn't know enough to get out of the rain. But they did know how much this rugby game meant to you. So they hung in there—downpour and all.

Now that the game's over, make your best move of the day. Löwenbräu for everybody.



Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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There's only one way to play it...



Wherever the music
is hot, the taste is KOOL.
Because there's only one
sensation this refreshing.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 14 mg. "tar",
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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